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T. Hayman inv. et del. *C. Grignion sculp.*

Here strip my Children! here at once leap in!
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin.

Dunciad, Book II.

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME V.

CONTAINING THE

DUNCIAD

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

LONDON,
Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON in Ludgate-ſtreet.
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Contents of the Fifth Volume.

A LETTER *to the Publiſher, occaſioned by the Firſt Edition of the* DUNCIAD iii

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS's *Prolegomena and Illuſtrations to the* DUNCIAD, *with the Hypercritics of* ARISTARCHUS xvii

BOOK I. 65

BOOK II. 119

BOOK III. 176

BOOK IV. 225

APPENDIX 305

I. *A Preface prefixed to the five firſt imperfect editions of the* DUNCIAD 305

II. *A liſt of books, papers, and verſes, in which our author was abuſed* 309

III. *Advertiſement to the firſt edition with* NOTES, *in quarto* 314

IV. *Advertiſement to the Firſt edition of the* FOURTH BOOK *when printed ſeparately* 315

V. *Advertiſement to the complete edition of* 1743. 316

VI. *Advertiſement printed in the Journal* 1730 317

VII. *A parallel of the characters of Mr.* DRYDEN *and Mr.* POPE. 318

ERRATA.

Page 122 l. 11 *for* θρόνον *r.* θρόνυς
162 not. l. 5 *for* leſſon *r.* leſſen
166 ℣ 341 and in notes, *for* Alphæus *r.* Alpheus
218 l. 30 *for* piece of a ſatire *r.* a piece of ſatire
219 not. l. 3 *for* Bloome *r.* Broome
243 note on ℣ 162 *for* beated *r.* beaten
249 Remar. l. 2 *for* obſcurity *r.* abſurdity
280 not. l. 13 *for* convaſſing *r.* canvaſſing
286 not. l. penult. *for* particular *r.* particularly

THE

DUNCIAD,

IN

FOUR BOOKS,

WITH THE

PROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS,

THE

HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

A

LETTER

TO THE

PUBLISHER,

Occaſioned by the firſt correct

Edition of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleaſure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many ſurreptitious ones have rendered ſo neceſſary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A Work ſo requiſite, that I cannot think the Author himſelf would have omitted it, had he approved of the firſt appearance of this Poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me I herewith ſend you: You will oblige me by inſerting them amongſt thoſe which are, or will be, tranſmitted to you by others; ſince not only the Author's

friends, but even ſtrangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take ſome care of an Orphan of ſo much genius and ſpirit, which its parent ſeems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and ſuffered to ſtep into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive papers lately publiſhed, that my great regard to a Perſon, whoſe Friendſhip I eſteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater reſpect to Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the incloſed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived, that moſt of theſe Authors had been (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt aggreſſors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or ſurprized, if this or that ſcribler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be ſaid to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a diſcovery: A ſtratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but ſcreen them from the reſentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuſe, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: Ill ſucceſs in that had tranſported them to Perſonal abuſe, either of himſelf, or (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his

Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leiſure or inclination to call them bad Writers: And ſome had been ſuch old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their perſons as well as their ſlanders, 'till they were pleaſed to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incenſe them? He had publiſhed thoſe works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the leaſt mention is made of any of them. And what has he done ſince? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, which the public had ſaid before, that they were dull: And what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure, or even purchaſe room in the prints, to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; ſince whoever publiſhes, puts himſelf on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent, in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſers; I mean by Authors *without names*; then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act

of juſtice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame who for ſeveral years paſt have made free with the greateſt names in Church and State, expoſed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abuſed all, even to Women, and whoſe proſtituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy diviſions of their Country) have inſulted the Fallen, the Friendleſs, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confeſſed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and eſteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the leaſt valuable part of his character) but the honeſt, open, and beneficent man, that we moſt eſteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what theſe people ſay were believed, I muſt appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either impoſed on myſelf, or impoſing on them; ſo that I am as much intereſted in the confutation of theſe calumnies, as he is himſelf.

I am no Author, and conſequently not to be ſuſpected either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt any of the Men, of whom ſcarce one is known to me by ſight; and as for their Writings, I have ſought them (on this one occaſion) in vain, in the cloſets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had ſtill been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I ſuppoſe from ſome of themſelves,

for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the paſſages I ſend you. I ſolemnly proteſt I have added nothing to the malice or abſurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, ſince the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon and ſo irrecoverably loſt. You may in ſome meaſure prevent it, by preſerving at leaſt their Titles [1], and diſcovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the perſons are too *obſcure* for ſatire. The perſons themſelves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the ſatire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were not all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſolence of the rabble without doors, and of domeſtics within, moſt wrongfully chaſtiſed, if the Meanneſs of offenders indemnified them from puniſhment? On the contrary, Obſcurity renders them more dangerous, as leſs thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; Morality alone can paſs cenſure on intentions of miſchief; ſo that for ſecret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public puniſhment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that theſe ſort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuſe at

[1] Which we have done in a Liſt printed in the Appendix.

the Old Baily, for leſſer crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the caſe of almoſt all who are tried there) but ſure it can be none: For who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation ſupplies the want of it in himſelf? I queſtion not but ſuch authors are poor, and heartily wiſh the objection were removed by any honeſt livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the ſubject: He who deſcribes Malice and Villany to be pale and meagre, expreſſes not the leaſt anger againſt Paleneſs or Leanneſs, but againſt Malice and Villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon? Not but Poverty itſelf becomes a juſt ſubject of ſatire, when it is the conſequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increaſes the public burden, fills the ſtreets and highways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journaliſts.

But admitting that two or three of theſe offend leſs in their morals, than in their writings; muſt Poverty make nonſenſe ſacred? If ſo, the fame of bad authors would be much better conſulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They miſtake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers becauſe they are poor, but they are poor becauſe they are bunglers.

Is it not pleaſant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their perſons and characters were too ſacred for Satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it muſt be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, ſuppoſing them good, and theſe I was ſorry to ſee in ſuch company. But if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereſt and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themſelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who ſay ſo, ſince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot perſuade myſelf, when I conſider the conſtant and eternal averſion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers I would gladly aſk, if it lays him under a perſonal obligation? At that rate he would be the moſt obliged humble ſervant in the world. I dare ſwear for theſe in particular, he never deſired them to be his

admirers, nor promiſed in return to be theirs: That had truly been a ſign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have ſuſpected ſuch an approbation of ſome motive worſe than ignorance, in the author of the Eſſay on Criticiſm? Be it as it will, the reaſons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally ſubſiſting, for his works and theirs are the very ſame that they were.

One, therefore, of their aſſertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writ-"ings." And there is another, which would probably be ſooner allowed by himſelf than by any good judge beſide, "That his own have found too much "ſucceſs with the public." But as it cannot conſiſt with his modeſty to claim this as a juſtice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might ſeem a better plea for theſe people, than any they have made uſe of. If Obſcurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from ſatire, much more ſhould Folly or Dulneſs, which are ſtill more involuntary; nay, as much ſo as perſonal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man ſets up for being handſome; and ſo muſt Dulneſs when he ſets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed becauſe Ridicule in itſelf is, or ought to be, a pleaſure; but becauſe it is juſt to undeceive and vindicate the honeſt and unpretending part of mankind from impoſition, be-

cauſe particular intereſt ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made ſo, in complaiſance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever ſo poor or ever ſo dull, have been conſtantly the topics of the moſt candid ſatiriſts, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greateſt Poet and moſt judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his Judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt him and our author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhewn them by their Superiors, in the general eſteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongſt Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Tranſlators perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abilities in their reſpective nations [b]. But the re-

[b] Eſſay on Critiſm, in French verſe, by General Hamilton; the ſame, in verſe alſo, by Monſieur Roboton, Counſellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princeſs of Conti, Paris 1728. and in Italian verſe, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Eſſays and Diſſertations on Homer, ſeveral times tranſlated in French. Eſſay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe; by Monſieur Silhouet, in proſe, 1737. and ſince by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

ſemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abuſed by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almoſt all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had ſlandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons, for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhall give us an edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at laſt by BOILEAU.

In one point I muſt be allowed to think the character of our Engliſh Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Succeſs; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without penſions, from whom, as he aſked, ſo he received no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more juſt for being delayed, ſo were his Panegyrics; beſtowed only on ſuch perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch virtues as he had long obſerved in them, and only at ſuch times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin

to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of faſhion [c]. A ſatire, therefore, on writers ſo notorious for the contrary practice, became no man ſo well as himſelf; as none, it is plain, was ſo little in their friendſhips, or ſo much in that of thoſe whom they had moſt abuſed, namely the Greateſt and Beſt of all Parties. Let me add a further reaſon, that, though engaged in their Friendſhips, he never eſpouſed their Animoſities; and can almoſt ſingly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Intereſts, he was ever unwilling to own.

I ſhall conclude with remarking what a pleaſure it muſt be to every reader of Humanity, to ſee all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only puniſhing that of others. As to his Poem, thoſe alone are capable of doing it juſtice, who, to uſe the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his ſubject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NI-

[c] As Mr. Wycherly, at the time the Town declaimed againſt his book of Poems; Mr. Walſh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had reſigned the Office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford in his laſt decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.

TOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM. I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

St. James's
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND[d].

[d] This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the Univerſity of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He ſerved in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England, in which having ſhewn himſelf for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other aſſiſtance of Fortune; he was ſuddenly diſplaced by the Miniſter in the ſixty eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a perſon of Univerſal Learning, and an enlarged Converſation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a ſincerer attachment to the Conſtitution of his Country. — And yet, for all this, the Public will not allow him to be the Author of this Letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

Prolegomena and Illuſtrations

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

Hyper-critics of ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the moſt *reaſonable* thing in the world, to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *perſons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the ſooner, of a *ſhort profit* and a *tranſitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very *unfit*, and to have recourſe to *ſomething* in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE *Perſons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the moſt part *Authors*, and moſt of thoſe Authors, *Poets:* And the cenſures he hath paſſed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the *Poetaſters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expoſe the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry.

The Judges and Magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be reproached with *Ill-nature* for putting the Laws in execution againſt a Thief or Impoſtor. — The ſame will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to ſcribling paſs on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Miſt, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either againſt *Failures* in *Genius*, or againſt the *Pretenſions* of *writing without one.*

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A *Satire* upon *Dulneſs* is a thing that has been *uſed* and *allowed* in *All Ages.*

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler!

TESTIMONIES
OF
AUTHORS
CONCERNING
our POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we preſent thee with our exercitations on this moſt delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adverſaria on modern Authors) we ſhall here, according to the laudable uſage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the ſame author at different ſeaſons. Nor ſhall we gather only the Teſtimonies of ſuch eminent Wits, as would of courſe deſcend to poſterity, and conſequently be read without our collection; but we ſhall likewiſe with incredible labour ſeek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the diſtance of a few months appear to the eye of the moſt curious. Hereby thou may'ſt not only receive the delectation of Variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the Witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence alſo thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many

particulars of the Perſon as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: In which if I relate ſome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and ſome of as little even to him; I entreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modeſt or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We purpoſed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: But as to theſe, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One ſaith [a], he was educated at home; another [b], that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jeſuits; a third [c], not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth [d], that he had no Univerſity education at all. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One ſaith [e], he was kept by his father on purpoſe; a ſecond [f], that he was an itinerant prieſt; a third [g], that he was a parſon; one [h] calleth him a ſecular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another [i], a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one [k] ſuppoſeth, like the Father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant; another [l], a huſbandman; another [m], a hatter, *&c.* Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet ſuch a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to

[a] Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his Life.
[b] Dennis's Reflect. on the Eſſay on Crit.
[c] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4.
[d] Guardian, N° 40.
[e] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.
[f] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4.
[g] Farmer P. and his ſon.
[h] Dunc. diſſect.
[i] Characters of the times, p. 45.
[k] Female Dunc. p. ult.
[l] Dunc. diſſect.
[m] Roome, Paraphraſe on the 4th of Geneſis, printed 1729.

Homer, namely a Dæmon: For thus Mr. Gildon [n]: "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but "the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns "and tail to be the exact reſemblance of his infernal "Father." Finding, therefore, ſuch contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this ſort of generation) not being fond to enter into controverſy, we ſhall defer writing the life of our Poet, 'till authors can determine among themſelves what Parents or Education he had, or whether he had any Education or Parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho' not leſs uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his ESSAY on CRITICISM, of which hear firſt the moſt ancient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are falſe or trivial, or both; his "thoughts are crude and abortive, his expreſſions ab-"ſurd, his numbers harſh and unmuſical, his rhymes "trivial and common;—inſtead of majeſty, we have "ſomething that is very mean; inſtead of gravity, "ſomething that is very boyiſh; and inſtead of per-"ſpicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obſcu-"rity and confuſion." And in another place: "What "rare *numbers* are here! Would not one ſwear that this "youngſter had eſpouſed ſome antiquated Muſe, who "had ſued out a divorce from ſome ſuperannuated ſin-"ner, upon account of impotence, and who, being "poxed by her former ſpouſe, has got the gout in her "decrepid age, which makes her *hobble ſo damnably* [o]."

[n] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (firſt edit. ſaid to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the ſubſequent editions of his Key he left out this aſſertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

[o] Reflections critical and ſatyrical on a Rhapſody, called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hypercritical Hiſtorian

Mr. OLDMIXON.

" I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criticiſm " in verſe; but if any more curious reader has diſco- " vered in it ſomething *new* which is not in Dryden's " prefaces, dedications, and his eſſay on dramatic poe- " try, not to mention the French critics, I ſhould be " very glad to have the benefit of the diſcovery [p].

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED;

Who, out of great reſpect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Eſſay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticiſms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth [q]: " As " to the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts, *&c.* both in " verſe and proſe, that have been written by the mo- " derns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the* " *ſame thoughts over again*, making them ſtill more " *trite*. Moſt of their pieces are nothing but a pert, " inſipid heap of *common place*. Horace has even in " his Art of Poetry thrown out ſeveral things which " plainly ſhew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of " no uſe, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppoſe that of

Mr. ADDISON.

" [r] The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which was pub- " liſhed ſome months ſince, is a maſter-piece in its kind. " The obſervations follow one another, like thoſe in " Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical " regularity which would have been requiſite in a proſe

[p] Eſſay on Criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728. by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England.

[q] Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

[r] Spectator, N° 253.

" writer. They are ſome of them *uncommon*, but ſuch " as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them " explain'd with that eaſe and perſpicuity in which they " are delivered. As for thoſe which are the *moſt known* " and the moſt *receiv'd*, they are placed in ſo beautiful " a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt alluſions, that " they have in them all the graces of novelty; and " make the reader, who was before acquainted with " them, ſtill more convinced of their truth and ſoli- " dity. And here give me leave to mention what " Monſieur Boileau has ſo well enlarged upon in the " preface to his works: That wit and fine writing doth " not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things that are new, " as in giving things that are known an agreeable " turn. It is impoſſible for us who live in the latter " ages of the world, to make obſervations in criticiſm, " morality, or any art or ſcience, which have not been " touch'd upon by others; we have little elſe left us, " but to repreſent the common ſenſe of mankind in " more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon " lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poe- " try, he will find but few precepts in it, which he " may not meet with in Ariſtotle, and which were " not commonly known by all the poets of the Au- " guſtan age. His way of expreſſing, and applying " them, not his invention of them, is what we are " chiefly to admire.

" Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the " ſame kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in the ſe- " veral paſſages that occaſioned them: I cannot but " take notice that our Engliſh author has after the ſame " manner exemplified ſeveral of the precepts in the " very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with ſaying, that " there are three poems " in our tongue of the ſame nature, and each a " maſter-piece in its kind; The Eſſay on Tranſ-

" lated Verſe; the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry; and the " Eſſay on Criticiſm."

Of WINDSOR FOREST, poſitive is the judgment of the affirmative

M. JOHN DENNIS,

" [r] That it is a wretched rhapſody, impudently writ " in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Den- " ham: The author of it is obſcure, is ambiguous, is " affected, is temerarious, is barbarous [t]."

But the author of the Diſpenſary,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: " Thoſe who have ſeen theſe two excellent " poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windſor Foreſt, the one " written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, " will ſhew a great deal of candour if they approve of " this."

Of the Epiſtle of ELOISA, we are told by the obſcure writer of a poem called Sawney, " That becauſe " Prior's Henry and Emma charm'd the fineſt taſtes, " our author writ his Eloiſe, *in oppoſition to it*; but " forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away her " tender thoughts, and her fierce deſires, all the reſt is " of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment reſembleth that of a French taylor on a Villa and gardens by the Thames: " All this is very fine, but take " away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himſelf, ſaying in his *Alma* [v],

O *Abelard!* ill fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth.
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's ſong:

[r] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

[t] Printed 1728, p. 12.

[v] Alma, Cant. 2.

Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs, *&c.*

Come we now to his tranſlation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens, yet ſhall it ſuffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwiſe a ſevere cenſurer of our author) yet ſtyleth this a "laudable tranſlation[w]." That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Eſſay, frequently commends the ſame. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it[x], "The ſpirit of Homer breathes all "through this tranſlation. — I am in doubt, whether I "ſhould moſt admire the juſtneſs to the original, or the "force and beauty of the language, or the ſounding "variety of the numbers: But when I find all theſe "meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet ſays of "one of his heroes, That he alone rais'd and flung with "eaſe a weighty ſtone, that two common men could "not lift from the ground; juſt ſo, one ſingle perſon "has performed in this tranſlation, what I once de-"ſpaired to have ſeen done by the force of ſeveral ma-"ſterly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have chang'd his ſentiment in his Eſſay on the Art of ſinking in reputation, (printed in Miſt's Journal, March 30, 1728.) where he ſays thus: "In order to ſink in "reputation, let him take it into his head to deſcend

[w] In his Eſſays, vol. i. printed for E. Curl.

[x] Cenſor, vol. ii. n. 33.

" into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how " the devil he got there) and pretend to do him " into Engliſh, ſo his verſion denote his neglect of the " manner how." Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

" That this tranſlation of the Iliad was not in all re- " ſpects conformable to the fine taſte of his friend Mr. " Addiſon; inſomuch that he employed a *younger muſe*, " in an undertaking of this kind, which he ſuperviſed " himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte, or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words:

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, N° 40.

" When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, I " am in a particular manner pleaſed with the labours " of thoſe who have improved our language with the " tranſlations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We " have already moſt of their Hiſtorians in our own " tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our lan- " guage, it has been taught to expreſs with elegance " the greateſt of their Poets in each nation. The illite- " rate among our own countrymen may learn to judge " from Dryden's Virgil of the moſt perfect Epic per- " formance. And thoſe parts of Homer which have " been publiſhed already by Mr. Pope, give us rea- " ſon to think that the Iliad will appear in Engliſh " with as little diſadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake, for this *younger muſe* was an *elder:* Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employ'd by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it *after him*, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it *before* [y]. Contrariwiſe that Mr. Addiſon engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration there-

[y] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel's tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, 4to.

of in the preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713. where he declares it is his opinion, that no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakeſpear on the ſtage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, Miſt's Journal, June 8, 1728.)

"publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and for-"get to diſcharge even the dull duty of an editor. In "this project let him lend the bookſeller his name (for "a competent ſum of money) to promote the credit "of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle reader, be pleaſed to caſt thine eye on the *Propoſal* below quoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the former aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8. "The "bookſeller propoſed the book by ſubſcription, and "raiſed ſome thouſands of pounds for the ſame: I be-"lieve the gentleman did *not* ſhare in the profits of "this extravagant ſubſcription.

"After the Iliad, he undertook (ſaith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

"the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey; and having "ſecured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, he "employed ſome *underlings* to perform what, accord-"ing to his propoſals, ſhould come from his own "hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppoſe nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,
(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occaſion to declare that the ſubſcription "for Shakeſpear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonſon: And "that the benefit of *this Propoſal* is not ſolely for my "own uſe, but for that of *two of my friends*, who have "*aſſiſted me in this work*." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himſelf in another of

Miſt's Journals, March 30, 1728. ſaying, "That he "would not adviſe Mr. Pope to try the experiment "again of getting a great part of a book done by aſſiſt-"ants, leſt thoſe extraneous parts ſhould unhappily "aſcend to the ſublime, and retard the declenſion of "the whole." Behold! theſe *Underlings* are become good writers!

If any ſay, that before the ſaid Propoſals were printed, the ſubſcription was begun without declaration of ſuch aſſiſtance; verily thoſe who ſet it on foot, or (as their term is) ſecured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viſcount HARCOURT, were he living, would teſtify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth teſtify the ſame is a falſhood.

Sorry I am, that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addiſon raiſed this author from obſcurity, ob-"tained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of the *whole* "*body of our nobility*, and transferred his powerful in-"tereſts with thoſe great men to this riſing bard, who "frequently levied by that means unuſual contribu-"tions on the public." Which ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of The Dunciad diſſected reporteth; "Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a fa-"miliar acquaintance with the *greateſt Peers* and *bright-"eſt Wits* then living."

"No ſooner (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) was his body "lifeleſs, but this author, reviving his reſentment, li-"belled the memory of his departed friend; and, what "was ſtill more heinous, made the ſcandal public." Grievous the accuſation! unknown the accuſer! the perſon accuſed no witneſs in his own cauſe; the perſon, in whoſe regard accuſed, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whoſe friendſhip, yea any one gen-

tleman whoſe ſubſcription Mr. Addiſon procured to our author; let him ſtand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole ſtory of the libel is a lye; witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity, who ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſaid verſes, in no wiſe a libel, but a friendly rebuke ſent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public, 'till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the ſame. One name alone, which I am here authoriſed to declare, will ſufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of ſome authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiariſm, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH Gent.

" [2] Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miſ-
" cellanies, I found five lines which I thought excel-
" lent; and happening to praiſe them, a gentleman
" produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) pub-
" liſhed laſt year, where were the ſame verſes to a
" tittle.

" Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt plagia-
" ries, that pretend to make a reputation by ſtealing
" from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of
" a Public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the ſaid Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himſelf, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 172$\frac{6}{7}$, that " Theſe verſes, which he had
" before given him leave to inſert in it, would be known
" for his, ſome copies being got abroad. He deſires,
" nevertheleſs, that ſince the lines had been read in his

[2] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

" comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. would not deprive it of " them," &c. Surely, if we add the teſtimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the ſaid verſes were originally addreſſed, of Hugh Bethel Eſq; and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the ſaid gentleman compoſed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the ſuffrage of ſo honourable perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, inſinuating no leſs than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the ſaid

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

" [a] The Memoirs of a Pariſh clerk was a very dull " and unjuſt abuſe of a perſon who wrote in defence of " our Religion and Conſtitution, and who has been " dead many years." This ſeemeth alſo moſt untrue; it being known to divers that theſe Memoirs were written at the ſeat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, before that excellent perſon (biſhop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that hiſtory, of which they are pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true it is, that Mr. Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was himſelf the man who preſt Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to aſſiſt him therein; and that he borrowed thoſe Memoirs of our author, when that Hiſtory came forth, with intent to turn them to ſuch abuſe. But being able to obtain from our author but one ſingle hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſaid Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble perſon there is, into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the converſation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the " Contempt he had for the work of that reverend pre- " late, and how full he was of a deſign he declared

[a] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

" himſelf to have of expoſing it." This noble perſon is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth ſhould we crave pardon of all the foreſaid right honourable and worthy perſonages, for having mentioned them in the ſame page with ſuch weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the ſame; and that they are introduced not as witneſſes in the controverſy, but as witneſſes that cannot be controverted; not to diſpute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two claſſes, of ſuch who were acquaintance, and of ſuch who were ſtrangers to our author; the former are thoſe who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs, the moſt noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

ſums up his character in theſe lines:

" [b] And yet ſo wond'rous, ſo ſublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing,
" Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
" A *good companion*, and as *firm a friend*;
" One *moral*, or a mere *well-natur'd deed*,
" Can all deſert in ſciences exceed."

So alſo is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" [c] Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuſe,
" What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muſe?
" Tho' each great ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
" Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
" Go to the *good* and *juſt*, an awful train!
" *Thy ſoul's delight.*——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous diſpoſition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

[b] Verſes to Mr. P. on his tranſlation of Homer.

[c] Poem prefix'd to his works.

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this apoſtrophe:

" [d] O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe!
" Bleſt in thy *life* and bleſt in all thy *lays*.
" Add, that the Siſters ev'ry thought refine,
" And ev'n thy *life*, be *faultleſs* as thy line.
" Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
" Obſcures the *virtue*, and defames the Muſe.
" A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'd,
" Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue:

" [e] Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the Muſe's train,
" Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?

M. MALLET,

In his epiſtle on Verbal Criticiſm:

" Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcan'd, tranſcends his lays;
" For wit ſupreme is but his ſecond praiſe."

Mr. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

" Now, fir'd by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,
" In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
" And trace the author thro' his moral page,
" Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong."

Mr. THOMSON,

In his elegant and philoſophical poem of the Seaſons:

[d] In his poems, printed for B. Lintot. [e] Univerſal Paſſion, Sat. i.

" Altho' not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
" Yet is his *life* the more endearing ſong."

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned clerk of Suffolk

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.

" [f] Thus, nobly riſing in fair *Virtue*'s cauſe,
" From thy own *life* tranſcribe th' *unerring laws*."

And, to cloſe all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

" A Soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
" By Patriots, Prieſts, and Poets taught.
" Whoſe filial Piety excells
" Whatever Grecian ſtory tells.
" A genius for each bus'neſs fit,
" Whoſe meaneſt talent is his Wit," *&c.*

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other ſide, and ſhewing his Character drawn by thoſe with whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances he could not know, though turned againſt him: Firſt again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS;

Who, in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: " A little affected hypocrite, who has " nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendſhip, " good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is " ſo great a lover of falſhood, that, whenever he has " a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he brands " them with ſome defect which is juſt *contrary to ſome* " *good quality*, for which all their *friends and their ac-* " *quaintance* commend them. He ſeems to have a par- " ticular pique to *People of Quality*, and authors of that " rank.—He muſt derive his religion from St. Omer's." —But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716.) he ſaith, " Though he

[f] In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.

" is a profeſſor of the worſt religion, yet he *laughs at* " *it*;" but that " nevertheleſs, he is a *virulent Pa-* " *piſt*; and yet a *Pillar* for the *Church of England*." Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring, in Miſt's Journal of June 22, 1718. " That, if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, he " made it his practice to cackle to both *parties* in their " own ſentiments." But, as to his *pique* againſt *People of quality*, the ſame Journaliſt doth not agree, but ſaith (May 8, 1728.) " He had, by ſome means or other, " the *acquaintance* and *friendſhip* of the *whole body of* " *our nobility*."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, " That he is a creature that " reconciles all contradictions; he is a beaſt, and a " man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and " the ſame time) of [g] Guardians and Examiners; an " Aſſertor of liberty, and of the diſpenſing power of " kings; a Jeſuitical profeſſor of truth; a baſe and a " foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we muſt conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whoſe wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a *price ſet on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beaſt*[h]. Another proteſts that he does not know *what may happen*; adviſes him to *inſure his perſon*; ſays he has *bitter enemies*, and expreſly declares it will be well if he *eſcapes with his life*[i]. One deſires he would *cut*

[g] The Names of two weekly Papers.

[h] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[i] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.

his own throat, or hang himſelf [k]. But Paſquin ſeemed rather inclined it ſhould be done by the Government, repreſenting him engaged in grievous deſigns with a Lord of Parliament, then under proſecution [l]. Mr. Dennis himſelf hath written to a *Miniſter*, that he is one of the moſt *dangerous perſons in this kingdom* [m]; and aſſureth the public, that he is an *open* and *mortal enemy* to his *country*; a monſter, that *will*, one day, ſhew as *daring a ſoul* as a *mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the firſt Chriſtian he meets [n]. Another gives information of *Treaſon* diſcovered in his poem [o]. Mr. Curl boldly ſupplies an imperfect verſe with *Kings* and *Princeſſes* [p]. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes at length the Two moſt SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciad [q]!

This is prodigious! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange, that in the midſt of theſe invectives his greateſt Enemies have (I know not how) born teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakeſpear, declares, "He has ſo great "an *eſteem* for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an *opinion* of his "*genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwithſtanding he pro- "feſſes a *veneration almoſt riſing to Idolatry* for the writ- "ings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth "even to do *him* juſtice, at the expence of that *other* "*gentleman*'s character [r]."

[k] Gulliveriana, p. 332.

[l] Anno 1723.

[m] Anno 1729.

[n] Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the laſt page of that treatiſe.

[o] Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes and Advertiſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

[p] Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

[q] A Liſt of Perſons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.

[r] Introduction to his Shakeſpear reſtored, in quarto, p. 3.

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, "That Mr. Pope "would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epiſtles "by his hand, for it is certain we ſee the original of "Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeneſs in "his verſion, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And "this (he adds) is the more to be wiſhed, becauſe in "the Engliſh tongue we have ſcarce any thing truly "and naturally written upon Love [r]." He alſo, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to anſwer what Mr. Pope hath ſaid in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great maſter of our tongue; declares "the "purity and perfection of the Engliſh language to be "found in his Homer; and, ſaying there are more "good verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in any other "work, excepts this of our author only [s]."

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER

ſays, "[v] Pope *was* ſo good a verſifier [*once*] that his "predeceſſor Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr. "Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* equal "to any body's. And, that he *had* all the merit, that "a man can have that way." And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemiſhing our author's Homer, crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties ſhine!
"While ſweeteſt Muſic dwells in ev'ry line.
"Theſe he admir'd, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
"And bade them live to brighten future days"[w].

[r] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay, octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

[s] In his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm.

[v] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

[w] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

So alſo one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell [x], in that poem, which is wholly a ſatire on Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

" 'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone could ſhow
" (Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
" That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give;
" Pope more than we can offer ſhould receive:
" For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
" His lines run ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream," *&c.*

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he ſays, " The ſmooth numbers of the Dun-
" ciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other
" merit;" yet that ſame paper hath theſe words: " The
" author is allowed to be a perfect maſter of an eaſy and
" elegant verſification. *In all his works* we find the
" moſt *happy turns*, and *natural ſimiles*, wonderfully
" ſhort and thick ſown."

The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25. it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be ſaid on this Poem, is beſtowed by our Laureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER,

who " grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than
" ever was writ:" but adds, " it was a victory over a
" parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almoſt cow-
" ardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph
" for having killed ſo many ſilly flies that offended him.
" Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor
" ſouls! they had all been buried in oblivion [y]." Here we ſee our excellent Laureate allows the juſtice of the

[x] Printed under the title of the Progreſs of Dulneſs, duodecimo, 1728.

[y] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

ſatire on every man in it, but *himſelf*; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The ſaid

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,

in the moſt furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert[z] confeſs, "That ſome "men of *good underſtanding* value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "That he has got, like Mr. Bays in the "Rehearſal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack "at rhyming, and writing ſmooth verſe."

Of his Eſſay on Man, numerous were the praiſes beſtowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the ſame was not written by him, as it was printed anonymouſly.

Thus ſang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auſpicious bard! while all admire thy ſtrain,
"All but the ſelfiſh, ignorant, and vain;
"I, whom no bribe to ſervile flatt'ry drew,
"Muſt pay the tribute to thy merit due:

[z] *in concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our miſtake in this place; "As to my "writing in *concert* with Mr. "Gildon, I declare upon the "honour and word of a gentle-"man, that I never wrote ſo "much as one line in *concert* with "any one man whatſoever. And "theſe two Letters from Gildon "will plainly ſhew that we are "not writers in *concert* with each "other.

Sir,

—The height of my Ambition is to pleaſe Men of the beſt Judgment; and finding that I have entertained my Maſter agreeably, I have the extent of the Reward of my Labour.

Sir,

I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent Pamphlet 'till this day. I am infinitely ſatisfied and pleaſed with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deſerves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

"Now is it not plain, that any "one who ſends ſuch compli-"ments to another, has not been "uſed to write in partnerſhip "with him to whom he ſends "them?" Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himſelf.

" Thy Muſe, ſublime, ſignificant, and clear,
" Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear," *&c.*

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote [a] to the unknown author, on the firſt publication of the ſaid Eſſay: " I muſt own, after the re-
" ception which the vileſt and moſt immoral ribaldry
" hath lately met with, I was ſurpriſed to ſee what I
" had long deſpaired, a performance deſerving the name
" of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed,
" above all commendation, and ought to have been
" publiſhed in an age and country more worthy of it.
" If my teſtimony be of weight any where, you are ſure
" to have it in the ampleſt manner," *&c. &c. &c.*

Thus we ſee every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his moſt inveterate Enemies; and to the ſucceſs of them all they do unanimouſly give teſtimony. But it is ſufficient, *inſtar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, ſorely lamenting it, even from the Eſſay on Criticiſm to this day of the Dunciad! " A moſt notorious inſtance (quoth he) of
" the depravity of genius and taſte, the *approbation* this
" Eſſay meets with [b]—I can ſafely affirm, that I never
" attacked any of theſe writings, unleſs they had *ſuc-*
" *ceſs* infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an
" empty, has been a *popular* ſcribler. The epidemic
" madneſs of the times has given him *reputation* [c].—
" If, after the cruel treatment ſo many extraordina-
" ry men (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben. Johnſon, Milton,
" Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this
" country, for theſe laſt hundred years, I ſhould ſhift
" the ſcene, and ſhew all that penury changed at once to
" riot and profuſeneſs; and more ſquandered away up-
" on *one object*, than would have ſatisfied the greater

[a] In a Letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

[b] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

[c] Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.

" part of thoſe extraordinary men; the reader to whom " this one creature ſhould be unknown, would fancy " him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that " all the great qualities of theſe perſons were centered " in him alone.—But if I ſhould venture to aſſure him, " that the PEOPLE of ENGLAND had made ſuch a " choice — the reader would either believe me a *mali-* " *cious enemy*, and *ſlanderer*; or that the reign of the " laſt (Queen Anne's) *Miniſtry* was deſigned by fate to " encourage *Fools* [d]."

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any Place, Penſion, or Gratuity, in any ſhape, from the ſaid glorious Queen, or any of her Miniſters. All he owed, in the whole courſe of his life, to any court, was a ſubſcription, for his Homer, of 200 *l.* from King George I, and 100 *l.* from the prince and princeſs.

However, leſt we imagine our Author's Succeſs was conſtant and univerſal, they acquaint us of certain works in a leſs degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they aſſure us he is the writer. Of this ſort Mr. DENNIS [e] aſcribes to him *two Farces*, whoſe names he does not tell, but aſſures us that *there is not one jeſt in them:* And an imitation of Horace, whoſe title he does not mention, but aſſures us *it is much more execrable than all his works* [f]. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. aſſures us, " He is below Tom. Dur- " fey in the Drama, becauſe (as that writer thinks) the " Marriage Hater matched, and the Boarding School " are better than the What-d'-ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON aſſures us, in his New Rehearſal, p. 48. " That he was writing a " *play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Row's. We are aſſured by another, " He " wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe [g];" which proved to be one Dr. Wagſtaff's. Mr. THEOBALD aſ-

[d] Rem on Homer, p. 8, 9.
[e] Ibid. p. 8.
[f] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
[g] Ibid. p. 6.

ſures us, in Miſt of the 27th of April, "That the "treatiſe of the *Profound* is very dull, and that Mr. "Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and ſays, "the whole, or "greateſt part, of the merit of this treatiſe muſt and "can only be aſcribed to Gulliver[h]." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but ſmile at the ſtrange blindneſs and poſitiveneſs of men; knowing the ſaid treatiſe to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are aſſured, in Miſt of June 8, "That his own "*Plays* and *Farces* would better have adorned the Dun-"ciad, than thoſe of Mr. Theobald; for he had nei-"ther genius for Tragedy nor Comedy." Which whether true or not, is not eaſy to judge; in as much as he hath attempted neither. Unleſs we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abuſed, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the ſaid Mr. Cibber thinking it impoſſible for a man to be much concerned for any but himſelf: "Now let any man judge (ſaith "he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the "child[i]?"

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any Candour, ſince, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modeſty, ſince, when he declined writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he ſingly enterpriſed one great work, he was taxed of Boldneſs and Madneſs to a prodigy[k]: If he took aſſiſtants in another, it was complained of, and repreſented as a great injury to the public[l]. The loftieſt heroics, the loweſt ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſatires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and

[h] Gulliv. p. 336.
[i] Cibber's Lettter to Mr. P. p. 19.
[k] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1.
[l] The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaking of the Odyſſey.

authors, ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which hath not at one or other ſeaſon been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then was it evident; if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt rare and ſingular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtleſs moſt Commentators would hence take occaſion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the teſtimony of his very Enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundleſs, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect maſter of all Styles, and all Arguments; and that there was in thoſe times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our own ſentiment, we ſhall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to ſteer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuſe whether thou wilt incline to the Teſtimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of thoſe who knew him, or of thoſe who knew him not.

P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
Of the POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulneſs; ſo is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the *Form*, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the *Meaſure*, to heroic poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of Epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, witneſs what is reported of it by the learned archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſ. x. And accordingly Ariſtotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did this poem to Comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem, that the Hero, or chief perſonage of it was no leſs *obſcure*, and his underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ſtrange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this perſonage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the firſt*; and ſurely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and abſolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the

infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear, that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt Epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, foraſmuch as our poet had tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt: And was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad.*

Wonderful it is, that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and oil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) Paper alſo became ſo cheap, and Printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of Authors covered the land: Whereby not only the peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one, nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time, the licence of the Preſs was ſuch, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either: for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the wings of Publiſhers, a ſet of men who never ſcrupled to vend either Calumny or Blaſphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

[a] Now our author, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt Satiriſt, to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch Authors, namely *Dulneſs* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*[b] (as the conſtruction of Epic poeſy requireth) and feigns that one of theſe Goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works. [c] He proceedeth to ſhew the *qualities* they beſtow on theſe authors, and the *effects* they produce[d]: then the *materials*, or *ſtock*, with which they furniſh them[e]; and (above all) that *ſelf-opinion*[f] which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry merchandice. The great power of theſe Goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Induſtry, ſo is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome *one*, *great* and *remarkable Action*[g]: And none could be more ſo than that which our poet hath choſen, *viz.* the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her imperial ſeat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the reſtoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſinging only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole

[a] Vide Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, ch. viii.
[b] Boſſu, chap. vii.
[c] Book I. ver. 32, &c.
[d] Ver. 45 to 54.
[e] Ver. 57 to 77.
[f] Ver. 80.
[g] Ibid. chap. vii, viii.

hiſtory of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *ſingle Action* the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children.

A *Perſon* muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this Action. This *Phantom* in the poet's mind muſt have a *Name*[h]: He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of courſe the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contained in the Propoſition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, ſetting forth the whole Power, Miniſtry, and Empire of Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Epiſodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book, demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Epiſodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers: The firſt concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the ſecond the libellous Novelliſt, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noiſy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt; aſſigning to each ſome *proper name* or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn: The manners are ſo depicted, and the ſentiments ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other or wiſer perſonages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſem-

[h] Boſſu, chap. viii. Vide Ariſtot. Poetic. cap ix.

blance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, ſo many "*filly flies*[i]: but adds, our Author's Wit is remarkably "more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul "on *Cibber*, than upon any other Perſon whatever."

The *Deſcriptions* are ſingular, the *Compariſons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chaſtity of *Diction* is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been cenſured, and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical Authority (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby ſubjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Ancients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular alluſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminiſhing the Imagination: which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at

[i] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. pag. 9, 12, 41,

the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poeſy: Though ſince he hath altered it to *ſixty*, the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred [k]. True it is, that the talents for *Criticiſm*, namely ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper Age: But it is far otherwiſe in *Poetry*; witneſs the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon therefore did our author chuſe to write his Eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad. P.

[k] See his Eſſays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the Nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable ſhare of judgment, diſſertated. But when he cometh to ſpeak of the *Perſon* of the *Hero* fitted for ſuch poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinates. For, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Hero, only raiſed up to ſupport the Fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who firſt build their houſe, and then ſeek out for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet our good brother and the world alſo right in this particular, by aſſuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and conſequently that the Poet's firſt thought muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illuſtrious. This is the pri-

mum mobile of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *Hero*, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muſe ceaſeth not here her Eagle-flight. For ſometimes, ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe *Suns* of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *Gooſe* and *Serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muſe in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of Wiſdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: *Si Dii non iraſcuntur impiis et injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In rebus enim diverſis, aut in utramque partem moveri neceſſe eſt, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odiſſe ex bonorum caritate deſcendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and juſt. For contrary objects muſt either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, muſt at the ſame time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; becauſe to love good men proceedeth from an averſion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderneſs to the good." From this delicacy of the Muſe aroſe the *little Epic*, (more lively and choleric than her elder ſiſter, whoſe bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic) and for this ſome notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was ſought out, to make thereof an example. An early inſtance of which (nor could it eſcape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father of Epic poem himſelf affordeth us. From him the practice deſcended to the Greek Dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the compoſition of their *Tetralogy*, or ſet of four pieces, were wont to make the laſt a *Satiric Tragedy*. Happily one of theſe

ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us amongſt the Tragedies of the Poet Euripides. And what doth the reader ſuppoſe may be the ſubject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy obſervation, the unequal Contention of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *Favourite of Minerva*; who, after having quietly born all the monſter's obſcene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in puniſhing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excuſed, if for the future we conſider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*, in which the laſt worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the *ſatiric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* ſhould be an *honeſt man?* or, as the French critics expreſs it, *un honnête homme*[a]: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the Hero of the *little Epic* ſhould be juſt the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may obſerve how much juſter the *Moral* of that Poem muſt needs be, where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) every Fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome Analogy, if not Reſemblance of Qualities, between the Heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the *Parody*, one of the livelieſt graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the conſtituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are *Wiſdom*, *Bravery*, and *Love*, from whence ſpringeth *heroic Virtue*; it followeth, that thoſe of the leſſer Epic Hero, ſhould be *Vanity*, *Impudence*, and *De-*

[a] Si un Heros Poëtique doit être un honnête homme. Boſſu, du Poëme Epique, lib. v. ch 5.

bauchery, from which happy aſſemblage reſulteth *heroic Dulneſs*, the never-dying ſubject of this our Poem.

This being confeſſed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wiſdom*, to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf; and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of Will. And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the "world (will ſuch an one ſay) impute to me what folly "or weakneſs they pleaſe; but till *Wiſdom* can give me "ſomething that will make me more heartily happy, "I am content to be GAZED AT [b]." This, we ſee, is *Vanity* according to the *heroic* gage or meaſure; not that low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to *Virtues* we *have not*, but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in thoſe *Vices*, which every body knows *we have*. "The world may aſk (ſays he) why "I make my follies publick? Why not? I have paſſed "my time very pleaſantly with them [c]." In ſhort, there is no ſort of Vanity ſuch a Hero would ſcruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high ſtation in this our Dunciad; namely, "Whether it would "not be *Vanity* in him, to take ſhame to himſelf for "*not being* a *wiſe man* [d]?"

Bravery, the ſecond attribute of the true Hero, is Courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while its correſpondent virtue in the mock Hero, is, that ſame Courage all collected into the *Face*. And as Power when drawn together, muſt needs have more force and ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally find this kind of courage in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it inſults not only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is without doubt

[b] Dedication to the Life of C. C.

[c] Life, p. 2. octavo Ed.

[d] Life, ibid.

the braveſt character in all the Æneis: But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed "his *Summum bonum* in thoſe "follies, which he was not content barely to poſſeſs but "would likewiſe glory in," adds, "*If I am miſguided*, "'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, *and I follow* HER[e]." Nor can we be miſtaken in making this happy quality a ſpecies of *Courage*, when we conſider thoſe illuſtrious marks of it, which made his FACE "more known (as he juſtly boaſteth) "than moſt in the kingdom," and his *Language* to conſiſt of what we muſt allow to be the moſt *daring* Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's compoſition, is a mere bird of paſſage, or as (Shakeſpear calls it) *ſummer-teeming Luſt*, and evaporates in the heat of *Youth*; doubtleſs by that refinement it ſuffers in paſſing through thoſe *certain ſtrainers* which our Poet ſomewhere ſpeaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the *Lees*, it acquireth ſtrength by *Old age*; and becometh a laſting ornament to the little Epic. It is true indeed, there is one objection to its fitneſs for ſuch an uſe: For not only the Ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be ſo, even by Him who beſt knoweth its value. "Don't you think (argueth he) "to ſay only *a man has his Whore*[f], ought to go for "little or nothing? Becauſe *defendit numerus*, take the "firſt ten thouſand men you meet, and, I believe, you "would be no loſer if you betted ten to one, that every "ſingle ſinner of them, one with another, had been "guilty of the ſame frailty[g]." But here he ſeemeth not

[e] Life, p. 23, octavo.

[f] Alluding to theſe lines in the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot,

"*And has not Colly* ſtill *his Lord and Whore*,
"*His Butchers Henly, his Free-Maſons Moore?*

[g] Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

to have done juſtice to himſelf: The man is ſure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at fourſcore. How doth his Modeſty herein leſſen the merit of a *whole well-ſpent* Life: not taking to himſelf the commendation (which *Horace* accounted the greateſt in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs*, the ſame he was from the beginning,

——*Servetur ad* IMUM
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat ——

But here, in juſtice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth ſhe was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable Continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf muſt have applauded. For how much Self-denial was exerted not to covet his Neighbour's whore? and what diſorders muſt the coveting her have occaſioned in that Society, where (according to this Political Calculator) *nine* in *ten* of all ages have their *concubines?*

We have now, as briefly as we could deviſe, gone through the three conſtituent Qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, or in all of theſe, that Heroiſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a lucky reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively Qualities againſt one another. Thus, as from Wiſdom, Bravery, and Love, ariſeth *Magnanimity*, the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; ſo from Vanity, Impudence, and Debauchery, ſpringeth *Buffoonry*, the ſource of *Ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it [h], of the little Epic.

He is not aſhamed (God forbid he ever ſhould be aſhamed!) of this Character; who deemeth, that not *Reaſon* but *Riſibility* diſtinguiſheth the human ſpecies from the brutal. "As Nature (ſaith this profound Phi-"loſopher) diſtinguiſhed our ſpecies from the mute "creation by our Riſibility, her deſign MUST have been

[h] Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

" by *that faculty* as evidently to raiſe our HAPPINESS, " as by OUR *os ſublime* (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift " the dignity of our FORM above them[i]." All this conſidered, how complete a Hero muſt he be, as well as how happy a Man, whoſe Riſibility lieth not barely in his *muſcles*, as in the common ſort, but (as himſelf informeth us) in his very *ſpirits?* And whoſe *Os ſublime* is not ſimply an *erect face*, but a brazen head, as ſhould ſeem by his preferring it to one of Iron, ſaid to belong to the late king of Sweden[k]!

But whatever perſonal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas ſhew us, that all thoſe are of ſmall avail, without the conſtant *aſſiſtance of the* GODS: for the ſubverſion and erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal proweſs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an atchievement muſt require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT: who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*, muſt firſt be drawn off and engaged in another Intereſt, before the total ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To ſurmount, therefore, this laſt and greateſt difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a profeſſed Favourite and Intimado of the Great. And look, of what force ancient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much ſtronger is modern Incenſe, to engage the Great in the party of Dulneſs.

Thus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to ſay, if ſo many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal ſhall ſuffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who ſeeth not, in every

[i] Life, p. 23, 24 [k] Letter, p. 8.

trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom theſe rare virtues and lucky circumſtances have agreed to meet and concentre with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and fulleſt harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itſelf might be impoſed on in the late ſpurious editions, by I can't tell what *Sham-Hero*, or *Phantom:* But it was not ſo eaſy to impoſe on HIM whom this egregious error moſt of all concerned. For no ſooner had the fourth book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene, but he recognized his own heroic Acts: And when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines,

(though *Laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as befitteth any Aſſociate or Conſort in Empire) he loudly reſented this indignity to violated Majeſty. Indeed not without cauſe, he being there repreſented as *faſt aſleep*; ſo miſbeſeeming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, ſhould never doze nor ſlumber. "Hah! (ſaith he) faſt aſleep, it ſeems! that's a little "too ſtrong. Pert and dull at leaſt you might have al-"lowed me, but as ſeldom aſleep as any fool[l]." However, the injured Hero may comfort himſelf with this reflexion, that tho' it be a *ſleep*, yet it is not the *ſleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will [m] *live* at leaſt, tho' not *awake*; and in no worſe condition than many an enchanted Warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for inſtance, was, like him, caſt into a long ſlumber by *Merlin* the *Britiſh Bard* and Necromancer: and his example, for ſubmitting to it with a good grace, might be of uſe to our Hero. For that diſaſtrous knight being ſorely preſſed or driven to make his anſwer by ſeveral *perſons of quality*, only replied with a ſigh, *Patience, and ſhuffle the cards* [n].

[l] Letter, p. 53.
[m] Letter, p. 1.
[n] Don Quixote, Part ii. Book ii. ch. 22.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the moſt ſacred or perfect things either of Religion or Government, can eſcape the ſting of Envy, methinks I already hear theſe carpers objecting to the clearneſs of our Hero's title.

It would never (ſay they) have been eſteemed ſufficient to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raiſe another, had they not been Goddeſs-born, and Princes bred. What then did this Author mean, by erecting a Player inſtead of one of his Patrons, (a perſon "never a hero even on the ſtage[n],") to this dignity of Collegue in the empire of Dulneſs, and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leiden could entirely bring to paſs.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient anſwer from the Roman hiſtorian, *Fabrum eſſe ſuæ quemque fortunæ: That every man is the* Smith *of his own fortune.* The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill farther, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe himſelf a Hero* to be one of the worthieſt. "Let him (ſaith "he) but fancy himſelf capable of the higheſt things, "and he will of courſe be able to atchieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our Hero's proweſs; as nothing ever equalled the greatneſs of his conceptions. Hear how he conſtantly paragons himſelf; at one time to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the exceſs and delicacy of his Ambition[o]; to HENRY the IV. of FRANCE, for honeſt Policy[p]; to the firſt BRUTUS, for love of Liberty[q]; and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power[r]: At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his diverſions and amuſements[s]; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant Vanity that maketh them for

[n] See Life, p. 148.
[o] Life, p. 149.
[p] P. 424.
[q] P. 366.
[r] P. 457.
[s] P. 18.

ever read and admired[t]; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate againſt him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence[v]; and, to ſay all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himſelf, in the art of writing *paſtoral letters*[w].

Nor did his *Actions* fall ſhort of the ſublimity of his Conceit. In his early youth he *met the Revolution*[x] face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themſelves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made ſo honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes. But he ſhone in Courts as well as Camps: He was *called up* when *the nation fell in labour* of this *Revolution*[y]: and was a goſſip at her chriſtening, with the Biſhop and the ladies[z].

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddeſs; but, what is as good, he was deſcended from a *Maker* of both[a]. And that he did not paſs himſelf on the world for a Hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: For, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is ſenſible he had it in his power *to be thought no body's ſon at all*[b]: And what is that but coming into the world a Hero?

But be it, (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poeſy ſo requiring) that a Hero of more than mortal birth muſt needs be had, even for this we have a remedy. We can eaſily derive our Hero's Pedigree from a Goddeſs of no ſmall power and authority amongſt men; and legitimate and inſtall him after the right claſſical and authentic faſhion: For, like as the ancient Sages found a Son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a Son of Neptune in a ſkilful Seaman; a Son of Phœbus in a harmonious Poet; ſo have we here, if need be, a Son of FORTUNE

[t] P. 425. [v] P. 436, 437. [y] P. 57. [z] P. 58, 59.
[w] P. 52. [x] P. 47. [a] A Statuary. [b] Life, p. 6.

in an artful *Gameſter*. And who fitter than the Offſpring of *Chance*, to aſſiſt in reſtoring the Empire of *Night* and *Chaos*?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this Hero ſtill exiſteth, and hath not "yet finiſhed his earthly courſe. For if Solon ſaid well, "that no man could be called happy till his death, "ſurely much leſs can any one, till then, be pronounced "a Hero: this ſpecies of men being far more ſubject "than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour." But to this alſo we have an anſwer, that will (we hope) be deemed deciſive. It cometh from *himſelf*, who, to cut this matter ſhort, hath ſolemnly proteſted that *he will never change or amend*.

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing ſhall every part them. "Nature (ſaith he) hath amply "ſupplied me in Vanity; a pleaſure which neither the "pertneſs of Wit, nor the gravity of Wiſdom, will ever "perſuade me to part with[c]." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to adminiſter a cure to it: But he telleth us plainly, "My ſuperiors perhaps may be mended by "him; but for my part I own myſelf incorrigible. I "look upon my Follies as the beſt part of my Fortune[d]." And with good reaſon: We ſee to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to *Buffoonry*, "Is it (ſaith he) a time of "day for me to leave off theſe fooleries, and ſet up a new "character? I can no more put off my Follies than my "Skin; I have often tried, but they ſtick too cloſe to "me; nor am I ſure my friends are diſpleaſed with them, "for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, "*&c. &c*[e]". Having then ſo publickly declared himſelf declared himſelf *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epopœian*) and devolveth upon the Poet as his property: who may take him, and deal with

[c] P. 424. [d] P. 19. [e] P. 17.

him, as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to ſay, *embowel* and *embalm him for poſterity*.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own Prophecy of himſelf from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the ſatisfaction to ſee, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in theſe Oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT [f].

Tandem Phœbus adeſt, morſuſque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT *hiatus* [g].

[f] Ibid. p. 243. octavo edit.

[g] *Ovid*, of the ſerpent biting at Orpheus's head.

By AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us veſted by the Act for ſubjecting Poets to the power of a Licenſer, we have reviſed this Piece; where finding the ſtyle and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the ſame may be deemed in ſome ſort a Reflection on Majeſty, or at leaſt an inſult on that Legal Authority which has beſtowed on another Perſon the Crown of Poeſy: We have ordered the ſaid Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vaniſh and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the ſaid Throne of Poeſy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unleſs duly and lawfully ſupplied by the LAUREATE himſelf. And it is hereby enacted, that no other perſon do preſume to fill the ſame.

DC. Ch.

THE DUNCIAD:

TO

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulneſs, *and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the* Goddeſs *in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem* haſtes into the midſt of things, *preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her Sons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on* Bays *to be the Inſtrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his Books, giving up the Cauſe, and apprehending the Pe-*

riod of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himſelf to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raiſes an Altar of proper books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out by caſting upon it the poem of Thulé. *She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Myſteries; then announcing the death of* Euſden *the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Succeſſor.*

F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion Sculp.

Her ample Presence fills up all the Space,
A Veil of Fogs dilates her awfull Face.

Dunciad, Book I.

BOOK I.

THE Mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *The Mighty Mother*, &c. in the firſt Edd. it was thus,

Books and the Man I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the Ear of Kings.
Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wond'rous works (ſo Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still ———

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wondrous works

—Dii cœptis (nam vos mutaſtis & illas.) Ovid. Met. i,

REMARKS.

THE DUNCIAD.] It is an inconvenience, to which Writers of reputation are ſubject, that the Juſtice of their reſentment is not always rightly underſtood. For the calumnies of dull Authors being ſoon forgotten, and thoſe whom they aimed to injure, not caring to recall to memory the particulars of falſe and ſcandalous abuſe, their neceſſary correction is ſuſpected of ſeverity unprovoked. But, in this caſe, it would be but candid to eſtimate the chaſtiſement on the general Character of the offender, compared with that of the Perſon injured. Let this ſerve with the candid Reader, in juſtification of the *Poet*; and, on occaſion, of the *Editor*. W.

THE DUNCIAD, ſic MS. It may well be diſputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be ſpelled *Dunciad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Reſtorer of *Shakeſpeare*, conſtantly obſerves the preſervation of this very Letter *e*, in ſpelling the

I ſing. Say you, her inſtruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careleſs Editors, with the omiſſion of one, nay ſometimes of two *ee's*, (as *Shakſpear)* which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the "neglect of a *Single Letter* ſo trivial as to ſome it may appear; "the alteration whereof in a learned language is an Atchieve-"ment that brings honour to the Critic who advances it; and "Dr. Bentley will be remembered to poſterity for his perform-"ances of this ſort, as long as the world ſhall have any eſteem "for the remains of Menander and Philemon.' THEOBALD.

This is ſurely a ſlip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been ſince produced by an accurate Antiquary, an *Autograph* of *Shakſpeare* himſelf, whereby it appears that he ſpelled his own name without the firſt *e*. And upon this authority it was, that thoſe moſt Critical Curators of his Monument in Weſtminſter Abby eraſed the former wrong reading, and reſtored the true ſpelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deſerve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the ſame Monument the firſt Specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble*; where (as may be ſeen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the ſpace of five lines, two Words and a whole Verſe are changed, and it is to be hoped will there ſtand, and outlaſt whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future, our Learned Siſter Univerſity (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *Total new Shakeſpear*, at the Clarendon preſs. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic alſo has omitted one circumſtance; which is, that the Inſcription with the Name of Shakſpeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; inſtead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakſpeare hath great reaſon to point at. ANON.

Though I have as juſt a value for the letter *E*, as any Grammarian living, and the ſame affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me

You by whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt;

REMARKS.

to agree with thoſe who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engliſh, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this caſe is right, and two *e's* wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the Manuſcript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not ſuperior to Reaſon.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praiſe my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin *ſic MS.* In like manner we ſhall not amend this error in the Title itſelf, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBLERUS.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the ſame year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Poſterity, that this Poem was preſented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. SCHOL. VET.

It was expreſly confeſſed in the Preface to the firſt edition, that this poem was not publiſhed by the Author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6. Alluding to a verſe of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno (as is ſaid ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, p. 1.) but in his verſes to Mr. Congreve,

And Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.

Say, how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor; that this Piece was preſented by the Hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

——— *who brings*
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel.*

It appears as plainly from the *Apoſtrophe* to the *Great* in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an Author in faſhion, or careſſed by the Great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Choſen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his Works at the *earneſt Deſire of Perſons of Quality.*

Laſtly, The ſixth verſe affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a *Son* ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him

Still Dunce the ſecond reign'd like Dunce the firſt. BENTL.

VER. 1. *The Mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent of this Poem: The latter of them is only choſen as her Collegue (as was anciently the cuſtom in Rome before ſome great Expedition) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very firſt book, but the Reſtoration of the Empire of Dulneſs in Britain, which is not accompliſhed till the laſt. W.

Ibid.—*her Son who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the ſtupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks

In eldeſt time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas iſſu'd from the Thund'rer's head,

REMARKS.

forth at the very firſt line. The author of the Critique prefixed to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been ſo dull as to explain *the Man who brings*, &c. not of the hero of the piece, but of our Poet himſelf, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which though this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modeſty.

We remit this Ignorant to the firſt lines of the *Æneid*, aſſuring him that *Virgil* there ſpeaketh not of himſelf, but of *Æneas*:

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verſes, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: Firſt, *orit* ſhould be read *aris*, it being, as we ſee *Æn.* ii. 513. from the *altar* of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as ſoon as he ſaw *Priam* ſlain. In the ſecond line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, ſince it is moſt clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the *ſhore* of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is ſurely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to ſay a man is *toſt on land*, is much at one with ſaying *he walks at ſea: Riſum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 2. *The Smithfield Muſes*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whoſe ſhews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taſte of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleaſures of the Court and Town. This happened in the Reigns of King George I, and II. See Book iii.

VER. 4. *By Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:*] i. e. By their *Judgments*, their *Intereſts*, and their *Inclinations*. W.

VER. 7. *Say how the Goddeſs &c.*] The Poet ventureth to ſing the *Action* of the Goddeſs: but the *Paſſion* ſhe impreſſeth on her illuſtrious Votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themſelves. SCRIBL. W.

Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

VER. 12. *Daughter of Chaos &c.*] The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper buſineſs, as a Scholiaſt, to meddle with it: But leave it (as we ſhall in general all ſuch) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Heſiod*'s Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 15. *Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertiſe the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulneſs here is not be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged ſenſe of the word, for all Slowneſs of Apprehenſion, ſhortneſs of Sight, or imperfect Senſe of things. It includes (as we ſee by the Poet's own words) Labour, Induſtry, and ſome degree of Activity and Boldneſs: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topſy-turvy the Underſtanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confuſed State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to miſtake the Importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Deſign of the Poet. Hence it is, that ſome have complained he chuſes too mean a ſubject, and imagined he employs himſelf, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas thoſe who have the true key will find he ſports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compaſs; or (as one ſaith, on a like occaſion)

Will ſee his Work, like Jacob's ladder, riſe,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the ſkies. BENTL.

VER. 16. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] *The native Anarchy of the mind* is that ſtate which precedes the time of Reaſon's aſſuming the rule of the Paſſions. But in that ſtate,

Still her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For, born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.
O Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown inſtruct mankind,
Or ſilent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be underſtood, as the Poet ſays, *ironicè*, like the 23d Verſe.

REMARKS.

the uncontrolled violence of the Paſſions would ſoon bring things to confuſion, were it not for the intervention of DULNESS in this abſence of Reaſon; who, though ſhe cannot regulate them like Reaſon, yet blunts and deadens their Vigour, and, indeed, produces ſome of the good effects of it: Hence it is that *Dulneſs* has often the appearance of Reaſon. This is the only good ſhe ever did; and the Poet takes particular care to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is to be obſerved indeed, that this is ſpoken of the univerſal rule of Dulneſs in ancient days, but we may form an idea of it from her partial Government in later times. W.

VER. 17. *Still her old Empire to reſtore*] This Reſtoration makes the Completion of the Poem. *Vide* Book iv.

VER. 20. — *Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!*] The ſeveral names and characters he aſſumed in his ludicrous, his ſpleenetic, or his party-writings; which take in all his works.

VER. 23. — *laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,*] The imagery is exquiſite; and the equivoque in the laſt words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expreſſion. The *eaſy chair* ſuits his age: *Rab'lais' chair* marks his character: and he fills and poſſeſſes it as the heir and ſucceſſor of that original genius. W.

Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. *Cloſe to thoſe walls* &c.] In the former Edd. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs;
Here in one bed two ſhiv'ring Siſters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of* Rag-fair,] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower* of *London*, where old cloaths and frippery are ſold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;*——
Here in one Bed two ſhiv'ring Siſters *lie,*
The Cave of Poverty *and* Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critic on the *Dunciad*. "Theſe lines (ſaith he) have no conſtruction, or are nonſenſe. "The two ſhivering Siſters muſt be the ſiſter-caves of Poverty "and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry muſt "be the ſame, [*queſtionleſs, if they lie in one bed*] and the two "Siſters the lord knows who?" O the conſtruction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus: *Æn.* i.

Fronte ſub adverſa ſcopulis pendentibus antrum:

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainleſs brothers ſtand;

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo;
Nympharum domus. ——

May we not ſay in like manner, "The Nymphs muſt be the "waters and the ſtones, or the waters and the ſtones muſt be "the houſes of the Nymphs?" *Inſulſe!* The ſecond line, *Intus aquæ, &c.* is in a parentheſis (as are two lines of our Author, *Keen hollow Winds, &c.*) and it is the *Antrum*, and the *yawning Ruin*, in the line before that parentheſis, which are the *Domus* and the *Cave*.

Let me again, I beſeech thee, Reader, preſent thee with another *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's ſcopulis pendentibus*: He is here deſcribing a place, whither the weary Mariners of *Æneas* repaired to dreſs their dinner.—*Feſſi—frugeſque receptas Et torrere parant flammis*: What has *ſcopulis pendentibus* here to do? Indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *ſedilia* are ſomething; *ſweet waters* to drink, and *ſeats* to reſt on: the other is ſurely an error of the Copyiſts. Reſtore it, without the leaſt ſcruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

But for this and a thouſand more, expect our *Virgil Reſtor'd*, ſome Specimen whereof ſee in the Appendix.

SCRIBLERUS.

REMARKS.

VER. 24. *Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] *Ironicè*, alluding to *Gulliver's* repreſentations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* againſt the currency of *Wood's* Copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great diſcontent of the people, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to recal.

VER. 26. *Mourn not, my* Swift! *at ought our realm acquires.*] *Ironicè iterum.* The Politics of *England* and *Ireland* were at this time by ſome thought to be oppoſite, or interfering with each other: Dr. *Swift* of courſe was in the intereſt of the latter, our Author of the former.

VER. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets ſtyled *Saturnian*, as being under

One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

REMARKS.

the reign of Saturn: but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is Lead. She is ſaid here only to be ſpreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hoſpital were done by him, and (as the ſon juſtly ſays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artiſt.

VER. 33. *One Cell there is,*] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly repreſented as a little *unendowed Hall* in the neighbourhood of the Magnific *College* of Bedlam; and as the ſureſt Seminary to ſupply thoſe learned walls with Profeſſors. For there cannot be a plainer indication of madneſs than in mens perſiſting to ſtarve themſelves and offend the public by ſcribling,

Eſcape in Monſters, and amaze the town.

when they might have benefited themſelves and others in profitable and honeſt employments. The *Qualities* and *Productions* of the ſtudents of this private Academy are afterwards deſcribed in this firſt book; as are alſo their *Actions* throughout the ſecond; by which it appears, how near allied Dulneſs is to Madneſs. This naturally prepares us for the ſubject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the Cataſtrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical Sibyl leading our Hero through the Regions of Viſion, to animate him in the preſent undertaking, by a view of the paſt triumphs of Barbariſm over Science. W.

VER. 34. *Poverty and Poetry*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who ſhall attentively obſerve that Humanity and Candor, which every where appears in him towards thoſe unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all ſcandalous rhymes, ſcurrilous weekly papers, baſe flatteries, wretched ele-

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs.
Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Eſcape in Monſters, and amaze the town.

REMARKS.

gies, ſongs, and verſes (even from thoſe ſung at Court to ballads in the ſtreets) not ſo much to malice or ſervility as to Dulneſs; and not ſo much to Dulneſs as to Neceſſity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be ſatirized.

VER. 37. *Hence Bards, like Proteus*]

Sunt, quibus in plures jus eſt tranſire figuras:
Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu;
Nunc violentus aper; *nunc, quem tetigiſſe timerent,*
Anguis *eras*; *modo te faciebant* cornua Taurum:
Sæpe Lapis *poteras.* Ovid. Met. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any ſteddy light into the mythology of this myſterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has ſo long exerciſed my pen, By *Proteus* muſt certainly be meant a hacknied Town-ſcribler; and by his Transformations, the various diſguiſes ſuch a one aſſumes, to elude the purſuit of his irreconcilable enemy, the Bailiff. And in this light, doubtleſs Horace underſtood the Fable, where, ſpeaking of *Proteus*, he ſays,

Quum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,
Fiet aper, &c.

Proteus is repreſented as one bred of the mud and ſlime of Egypt, the original ſoil of Arts and Letters: And what is a Town-ſcribler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science? By the change then into a *Boar*, is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer*; the *Snake* ſignifies a *Libeller*; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemma's* of a *Polemical Anſwerer*. Theſe are the three great parts he acts under; and when he has completed his circle, he ſinks back again; as the laſt change into a *Stone* denotes, into his natural

Hence Miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt: 40
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 41. in the former lines,

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,
Hence the ſoft ſing-ſong on Cecilia's Day.

VER. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs compoſed to Muſic on St. Cecilia's Feaſt.

REMARKS.

ſtate of immoveable Stupidity. Hence it is, that the Poet, where ſpeaking at large of all theſe various Metamorphoſes in the ſecond Book, deſcribes *Mother Oſborne*, the great Antitype of our Proteus, in ℣ 312. after all her changes, as at laſt quite *ſtupified to Stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this diſcovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent Critic of his ſhare, who diſcovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was deſigned *Sophiſtam, Magum, Politicum, præſertim rebus omnibus ſeſe accommodantem*. Which in Engliſh is, *A Political writer, a Libeller, and a Diſputer, writing indifferently for or againſt every party in the State, every ſect in Religion, and every character in private life*. See my *Fables of Ovid explained*. ABBE BANIER. W.

VER. 40. *Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt:*] Two Booksellers, of whom ſee Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publiſhing obſcene books; the latter uſually adorned his ſhop with titles in red letters.

VER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient Engliſh cuſtom for the Malefactors to ſing a Pſalm at

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's — Hence, &c.*]

— Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.
Virg. Æn. i.

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race.
In clouded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone; 45
Four guardian Virtues, round, ſupport her throne:

REMARKS.

their execution at Tyburn; and no leſs cuſtomary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the ſame time, or before.

VER. 42. MAGAZINES:] The common name of thoſe upſtart collections in proſe and verſe; in which, at ſome times,

——— *new-born nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry;*

at others, dead-born Scandal has its monthly funeral: where Dulneſs aſſumes all the various ſhapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miſerable Scribler; the ſcum of every dirty News-paper; or Fragments of Fragments, picked up from every Dunghill, under the title of *Papers*, *Eſſays*, *Reflections*, *Confutations*, *Queries*, *Verſes*, *Songs*, *Epigrams*, *Riddles*, *&c.* equally the diſgrace of human Wit, Morality, Decency, and Common Senſe. P. W.

VER. 43. *Sepulchral Lies*,] Is a juſt ſatire on the Flatteries and Falſhoods admitted to be inſcribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occaſioned the following Epigram,

Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
So very much is ſaid:
One half will never be believ'd,
The Other never read.

VER. 44. *New-year Odes*,] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be ſung at Court on every New-year's-day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and inſtruments. The *New-year Odes* of the Hero of this work were of a caſt diſtinguiſhed from all that preceded him, and made a conſpicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtleſs induced our Author to mention them here ſo particularly.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majeſty*]

——— *the Moon*
Riſing in clouded Majeſty— Milton, Book iv.

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:
Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger, and who thirſt for ſcribling ſake:
Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jayl:
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,

REMARKS.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone;*] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. ℣ 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this deſcription of the Majeſty of Dulneſs in a ſtate of peace and tranquillity, with that more buſy ſcene where ſhe mounts the throne in triumph, and is not ſo much ſupported by her own Virtues, as by the princely conſciouſneſs of having deſtroyed all other.
SCRIBL. W.

VER. 50. *Who hunger, and who thirſt &c.*] "This is an alluſion to a text in Scripture, which ſhews, in Mr. *Pope*, a "delight in prophaneneſs," ſaid Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakeſpear to allude to paſſages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will ſelect a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Text from holy Writ. In All's well that ends well, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much ſkill in graſs.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.* Matt. vii. 13. In Much ado about nothing, *All, all, and moreover God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.* Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocoſe ſcene.) In Love's labour loſt, he talks of Samſon's carrying the gates on his back; In the Merry wives of Windſor, of Goliath and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falſtaff's ſoldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal ſon.

The firſt part of this note is Mr. CURL's, the reſt is Mr. THEOBALD's Appendix to Shakeſpear Reſtored, p. 144.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 48. —— *that knows no fears*
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:]

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent. Hor.

Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.

Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each maſs, a Poem, or a Play:
How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulneſs new meanders takes;

REMARKS.

VER. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiſs to give an inſtance or two of theſe operations of *Dulneſs* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held theſe clenches in ſuch abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a

IMITATIONS.

VER. 55. *Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*
Where nameleſs Somethings, &c.]

That is to ſay, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Bookſellers or the Players bid moſt. Theſe lines allude to the following in Garth's Diſpenſary, Cant. vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

There motley Images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similies unlike.
She ſees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Deſcription Ægypt glads with ſhow'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;

REMARKS.

" pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: " *Alexander Pope* hath ſent abroad into the " world as many *Bulls* as his nameſake Pope *Alexander*.—Let " us take the initial and final letters of his Name, *viz. A. P—E*, " and they give you the idea of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the " Latin word *Popa*, which ſignifies a little Wart; or from " *poppyſma*, becauſe he was continually *popping* out ſquibs of " wit, or rather *Popyſmata*, or *Popiſms*." DENNIS on *Hom.* and Daily Journal, *June* 11, 1728.

VER. 70. *&c. How Farce and Epic—How Time himſelf, &c.*] Allude to the tranſgreſſions of the *Unities* in the Plays of ſuch poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, ſee Pluto and Proſerpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant.

VER. 73. *Ægypt glads with ſhow'rs,*] In the Lower Ægypt Rain is of no uſe, the overflowing of the Nile being ſufficient to impregnate the ſoil.—Theſe ſix verſes repreſent the Inconſiſtencies in the deſcriptions of poets, who heap together all glitter-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 64. *And ductile Dulneſs, &c.*] A parody on a verſe in Garth, Cant. i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.
All theſe, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the ſcene.
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

REMARKS.

ing and gawdy images, though incompatible in one ſeaſon, or in one ſcene.

See the Guardian, N° 40. parag. 6. See alſo *Euſden*'s whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleaſant to have given Examples of all theſe ſpecies of bad writing from theſe Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatiſe of the *Bathos*. SCRIBL.

VER. 83. *Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall, And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.*] i. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in falſe and tumid expreſſion. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now May'rs and Shrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;

REMARKS.

VER. 85, 86. *'Twas on the Day, when * * rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd*] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in blanks, but moſt certainly could never be that which the Editor foiſted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The Proceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by ſea, and another by land, on the ſame day, over the Perſians and Barbarians.

VER. 88. *Glad chains,*] The Ignorance of theſe Moderns! This was alter'd in one edition to *Gold chains*, ſhewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latiniſm and Græciſm, nay of figurative ſpeech itſelf: *Lætas ſegetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. SCRIBL.

VER. 90. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with poets in praiſe of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than thoſe lines of Mr. Addiſon:

Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever by the Muſes ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compoſe yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the Pageants: But that part of the ſhows being at length frugally

While penſive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
What City Swans once ſung within the walls;
Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.
She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each ſire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.

REMARKS.

aboliſhed, the employment of City-poet ceaſed; ſo that upon Settle's demiſe there was no ſucceſſor to that place.

VER. 98. *John Heywood*, whoſe Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 103. *Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel*] The firſt edition had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great Miſtake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verſes as well as Politics; as appears by the Poem *De jure divino, &c.* of De Foe, and by theſe lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies, on the other:

—One lately did not fear
(Without the Muſes leave) to plant Verſe here.
But it produced ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge—
Rhymes, as e'en ſet the hearers ears on edge:
Written by William Prynn Eſqui-re, the
Year of our Lord, ſix hundred thirty three.
Brave Jerſey Muſe! and he's for his high ſtyle
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Iſle.

She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;

REMARKS.

And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike ſentenced to the Pillory.

VER. 104. *And Euſden eke out &c.*] Laurence Euſden Poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

Euſden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he ever met with, "none comes up to ſome verſes of this poet, which have as "much of the Ridiculum and the Fuſtian in them as can well "be jumbled together, and are of that ſort of nonſenſe, which "ſo perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no diſtinct one "left in the mind." Farther he ſays of him, "That he hath "prophecied his own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus, "Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accom-"pliſhment of it, from what he hath lately publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflection, "That the "putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ ſuch verſes, will "give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and juſtice "of thoſe who beſtowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble Perſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, ſo long after, that the Laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: It were more decent to acquieſce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:

—In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, Who ſhall have it,
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that 'till then he ne'er heard of his name.
Seſſion of Poets.

The ſame plea might alſo ſerve for his ſucceſſor, Mr. Cibber;

She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage. 106

REMARKS.

and is further ſtrengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occaſion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, ſee Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ℣ 262. and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

VER. 106. *And all the mighty Mad*] This is by no means to be underſtood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, vol. iii. No—it is ſpoken of that *Excellent* and *Divine Madneſs*, ſo often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthuſiaſm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly poſſeſſed; and of thoſe *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himſelf ſo feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on Book ii. ver. 268.]

Ibid. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Cenſor, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon "as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily pro- "vokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how "much this *poor* man [*I wiſh that reflection on* poverty *had been ſpared*] "ſuffers by being contradicted, or, which is the ſame "thing in effect, by hearing another praiſed; we ſhould, in "compaſſion, ſometimes attend to him with a ſilent nod, and "let him go away with the triumphs of his ill nature.—*Poor* "Furius [*again*] when any of his cotemporaries are ſpoken well

In each ſhe marks her Image full expreſt,
But chief in BAYS's monſter-breeding breaſt;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 108. *But chief in Bays's &c.*] In the former Edd. thus,

But chief, in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in ſtrange league ingage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the Bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate,
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate, with all his Books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c. ——

Var. *Tibbald*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakeſpear reſtor'd.* During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakeſpear, he publiſh'd Advertiſements, requeſting aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Reſtorer, who was at that time ſolliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his deſign, till after its publication: (which he was ſince not aſham'd to own, in a *Daily Journal* of *Nov.* 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookſeller to raiſe an *extravagant ſubſcription*; in which he had no ſhare, of which he had no knowledge, and againſt which he had publickly advertiſed in his own propoſals for *Homer*. Probably that Proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he ſeems to deſerve no other way better than his brethren; unleſs we impute it to the ſhare he had in the Journals, cited among the *Teſtimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

REMARKS.

" of, quitting the ground of the preſent diſpute, ſteps back
" a thouſand years to call in the ſuccour of the Ancients. His
" very panegyric is ſpiteful, and he uſes it for the ſame reaſon
" as ſome Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who
" would never have had their good word, but that a living one
" happened to be mentioned in their company. His applauſe is
" not the tribute of his *Heart*, but the ſacrifice of his *Revenge*,"

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with ſucceſs. 110

REMARKS.

&c. Indeed his pieces againſt our poet are ſomewhat of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce extant, a taſte of his ſtyle may be ſatisfactory to the curious. "A young, ſquab, "ſhort gentleman, whoſe outward form, though it ſhould be "that of downright monkey, would not differ ſo much from "human ſhape as his unthinking immaterial part does from "human underſtanding.—He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a "hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which folly and igno-"rance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and impotent, do ridiculouſly "look very big and very dull, and ſtrut and hobble, cheek "by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and ſupport-"ed, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this Fury, they are ſo ſtrong and ſo coercive: "I regard him (ſaith he) as "an *Enemy*, not ſo much to me, as to my King, to my "Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty which has "been the ſole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who "is ſometimes pleaſed to be frolickſome, and the epidemic "*Madneſs of the times* have given him *Reputation*, and Repu-"tation (as Hobbes ſays) is *Power*, and *that has made him dan-"gerous*. Therefore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, "whoſe faithful ſubject I am; to my *Country*, of which I have "appeared a conſtant lover; to the *Laws*, under whoſe pro-"tection I have ſo long lived; and to the *Liberty* of my *Coun-"try*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty "years been a conſtant aſſertor, *&c.* I look upon it as my "duty, I ſay, to do—*you ſhall ſee what*—to pull the lion's ſkin "from this little Aſs, which popular error has thrown round "him; and to ſhew that this Author, who has been lately ſo "much in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his thoughts, nor Eng-"liſh in his expreſſions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, *&c.*

Beſides theſe public-ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expreſſing it in p. 92. appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the ſaid Mr. P. "The ſtory (ſays

Dulneſs with tranſport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.

REMARKS.

" he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with " it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my bookſeller.—However, " what my reaſon has ſuggeſted to me, that I have with a " juſt confidence ſaid, in defiance of his two clandeſtine wea- " pons, his *Slander* and his *Poiſon*." Which laſt words of his book plainly diſcover Mr. D.'s ſuſpicion was that of being *poiſoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: of which fact ſee *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poiſon, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein theſe Remarks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed. But what puts it beyond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm treatiſe, in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price two pence, called *A true character of Mr. Pope and his writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is ſaid " to have inſulted people on thoſe " calamities and diſeaſes which he himſelf gave them, by ad- " miniſtring *Poiſon* to them;" and is called (p. 4.) " a lurk- " ing way-laying coward, and a ſtabber in the dark." Which (with many other things moſt lively ſet forth in that piece) muſt have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all chriſtian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publiſh, you had ſtabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one ſo poor you cannot take the Law;
On one ſo old your ſword you ſcorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmleſs monſter rage,
Secure in dulneſs, madneſs, want, and age.

For the reſt; Mr. John Dennis was the ſon of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden: and having obtained ſome correſpondence with Mr. Wycherly and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their Letters. He made himſelf known to the Government by many admirable ſchemes and projects; which the Miniſtry, for reaſons

Now (ſhame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold viſage, and a thin Third day:

REMARKS.

beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis "is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his per- "formances, and a perſon of *ſound Learning*. That he is ma- "ſter of a great deal of *Penetration* and *Judgment*, his criti- "ciſms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do ſufficiently demon- "ſtrate." From the ſame account it alſo appears that he writ Plays "more to get *Reputation* than *Money*." DENNIS of himſelf. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 286.

VER. 109. *Bays, form'd by Nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full juſtice to his Hero's character, which it were a great miſtake to imagine was wholly ſunk in ſtupidity: he is allowed to have ſupported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own deſire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and "dull at leaſt you might have allowed me. What! am I only "to be dull, and dull ſtill, and again, and for ever?" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own conſcience, that "he could not "think himſelf ſo, nor believe that our poet did; but that he "ſpoke worſe of him than he could poſſibly think; and con- "cluded it muſt be merely to ſhew his *Wit*, or for ſome *Profit* "or *Lucre* to himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. pag. 15. 40. 53. And to ſhew his claim to what the Poet was ſo unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *laſt word*; which occaſioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verſe you foreclоſe,
I'll have the laſt Word; for, by G—, I'll write proſe.
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt Word is the Word that laſts longeſt.

VER. 112. *Remembring ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.*] The Poet had told us, ℣ 13. that this fair daughter of *Night* and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when Parents are moſt apt to ſpoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought ſtrange therefore, that over-much

Swearing and ſupperleſs the Hero ſate,
Blaſphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.
Then gnaw'd his pen, then daſh'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair.

REMARKS.

careſſing ſhould make even *Dulneſs* herſelf *pert*, eſpecially in her youth; though her own natural *Alacrity* was in ſinking, or towards *Gravity*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 113. *ſhame to Fortune!*] Becauſe ſhe uſually ſhews favour to perſons of this Character, who have a three-fold pretence to it.

VER. 115. *ſupperleſs the Hero ſate,*] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all the former commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a great abſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyſſey is frequently in that circumſtance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to repreſent ſuch Hero under a calamity, to which the greateſt, not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been ſubject. But much more refined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us, obliquely, a curious precept, or, what Boſſu calls, *a diſguiſed ſentence*, that "Temperance is the life "of Study." The language of poeſy brings all into action; and to repreſent a Critic encompaſſed with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of Money at Dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper? Beſides, how well has the Poet conſulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he *ſwore* all the time? BENTL.

Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonſenſe precipitate, like running Lead,
That ſlip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing memory of all he ſtole,
How here he ſipp'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er, like an induſtrious Bug.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 121. *Round him much Embryo &c.*] In the former Editions thus,

He roll'd his Eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whoſe ſize the ſpace exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were ſo good to gild,
Or where, by ſculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf &c. ——

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay.*

——*round he throws his eyes,*
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay. Milt. B. i.

The progreſs of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progreſs of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, might probably ſuggeſt this imitation.

Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes, and here
The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapleſs Shakeſpear, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.
The reſt on Out-ſide merit but preſume,
Or ſerve (like other Fools) to fill a room;

REMARKS.

VER. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

VER. 132. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, "it was as a good houſewife will mend old linnen, when ſhe "has not better employment." Life, p. 217. octavo.

VER. 133. *hapleſs Shakeſpear, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a ſubſcriber to Tibbald's Shakeſpear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "ſubſcribed to "Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generoſity and Civility; "but when Mr. Pope did ſo to his Nonjuror, he concluded it "could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, publiſhed an edition of Shakeſpear, of which he was ſo proud himſelf as to ſay, in one of Miſt's Journals, June 8, "That to expoſe any Errors in it "was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That "whatever care might for the future be taken by any other "Editor, he would ſtill give above five hundred Emendations, "that *ſhall* eſcape them all."

VER. 134. *Wiſh'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praiſe which the Players gave to Shakeſpear, "that he never blotted "a line." Ben Johnſon honeſtly wiſh'd he had blotted a thouſand; and Shakeſpear would certainly have wiſhed the ſame, if he had lived to ſee thoſe alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and eſpecially the daring Hero of this poem) have made on the *Stage*, but the preſumptuous Critics of our days in their *Editions*.

VER. 135. *The reſt on Out-ſide merit &c.*] This Library is divided into three parts; the firſt conſiſts of thoſe authors from whom he ſtole, and whoſe works he mangled; the ſecond, of ſuch as fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhew, or adorned

Such with their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents dreſt in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page attone,
And Quarles is ſav'd by Beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:
Here all his ſuff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:

REMARKS.

with pictures; the third claſs our author calls ſolid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old Engliſh Printers, or old Engliſh Tranſlations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulneſs.

VER. 141. *Ogilby the great*;] "John Ogilby was one, who, "from a late initiation into literature, made ſuch a progreſs as "might well ſtyle him the prodigy of his time! ſending into "the world ſo many *large Volumes!* His tranſlations of Homer "and Virgil *done to the life*, and *with ſuch excellent ſculptures:* "And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them "all on *ſpecial good paper*, and in a *very good letter.*" WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

VER. 142. *There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:*] "The *Ducheſs of Newcaſtle* was one who buſied herſelf "in the raviſhing delights of Poetry; leaving to poſterity in "print three *ample Volumes* of her ſtudious endeavours." WINSTANLY, ibid. Langbaine reckons up *eight* Folios of her Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 140. in the former Edd.

The page admires new beauties not it's own.
Miraturque novas frondes & non ſua poma. Virg. Geor. ii.

A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But, high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an Age that heard of none;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 146. in the firſt Edit. it was

Well-purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl——

And in the following alter'd to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the ſurreptitious editions, *W——ly*, *W——s*, who were perſons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Chriſt in verſe, the other ſome valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious ſubjects. The line is here reſtor'd according to its original.

"*George Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal "againſt the vices of the times, and abuſed the greateſt perſon- "ages in power, which brought upon him *frequent Correction*. "The *Marſhalſea* and *Newgate* were no ſtrangers to him." WINSTANLY. *Quarles* was as dull a writer, but an honeſter man. *Blome*'s books are remarkable for their cuts.

REMARKS.

VER. 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his Brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City inſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as Shows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his Rival in *Tragedy* (tho' more ſucceſsful) in one of his Tragedies, the *Earl of Eſſex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſt in a ſort of *Beggars Velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick Fuſtian* and *thin Proſaic*; exactly imitated in *Perolla and Iſidora*, *Cæſar in Ægypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a ſerving man of Ben. Johnſon, who once picked up a *Comedy* from his Betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his Maſter, not entirely contemptible.

VER. 147. *More ſolid Learning*] Some have objected, that

There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:

REMARKS.

books of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of our Bays, which they imagine conſiſted of Novels, Plays, and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the *Dry bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by his Father when he deſigned him for the Gown. See the note on ℣ 200.

VER. 149. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Hen. VII and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his Proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche "late was tranſlated out of latyn by ſome noble clerke of "fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by "that noble poete & grete clerk Vyrgyle) which booke I ſawe "over and redde therein, How after the generall deſtruccyon "of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader anchiſes upon his ſholdres, his lytyl ſon yolas on his hande, his "wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he "ſhipped and departed; wythe all thyſtorye of his adventures "that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conqueſt of "ytalye, as all alonge ſhall be ſhewed in this preſent booke. "In whiche booke I had grete playſyr, by cauſe of the fayr and "honeſt termes & wordes in frenche, whiche I neuer ſawe to "fore lyke, ne none ſo playſaunt ne ſo well ordred; whiche "booke as me ſemed ſholde be moch requyſite to noble men "to ſee, as wel for the eloquence as the hyſtoryes. How wel "that many hondred yerys paſſed was the ſayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in ſcolis, eſpecyally in ytayle and other places, which hiſtorye the ſayd "Vyrgyle made in metre." *Tibbald* quotes a rare paſſage from him in *Miſt's Journal* of *March* 16, 1728, concerning a *ſtraunge and mervaylloufe beaſte called Sagittarye*, which he would have

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends.
Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleſt ſize,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
An hecatomb of pure, unſully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
Quartos, octavos, ſhape the leſs'ning pyre;
A twiſted Birth-day Ode completes the ſpire.
Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
Firſt in my care, and ever at my heart;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 162. *A twiſted* &c.] in the former Edd.

And laſt, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, tranſlated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

Shakeſpear to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*.

VER. 153. *Nich de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

VER. 154. *Philemon Holland* Doctor in Phyſic. "He tranſlated *ſo many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing elſe*; inſomuch that he might be called *Tranſlator general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into Engliſh are ſufficient to make a *Country Gentleman* a *complete Library*." WINSTANLY.

Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end,
E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praiſe,
To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of Bus'neſs the directing ſoul!
To this our head like byaſs to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The firſt viſible cauſe of the paſſion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his firſt play of the *Fool in faſhion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendſhip of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchaſe it. "Whatever contempt (ſays he) Philoſophers may have for a "fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to deſpiſe the world "but to live in it, knew very well that ſo material an article of "dreſs upon the head of a man of ſenſe, if it became him, "could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and "Benevolence, than could poſſibly be hoped for in an ill-made "one. This, perhaps, may ſoften the grave cenſure, which ſo "youthful a purchaſe might otherwiſe have laid upon him. In "a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young "fellows generally do upon a lady of pleaſure, firſt by a few "familiar praiſes of her perſon, and then a civil enquiry into "the price of it; and we finiſhed our bargain that night over "a bottle." See Life, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig uſually made its entrance upon the ſtage in a ſedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end.*]
A te principium, tibi deſinet.— Virg. Ecl. viii.
Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῦσαι. Theoc.
Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende Camœna. Hor.

O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and Senſe;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 177. *Or, if to Wit*, &c.] In the former Edd.

Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science riſe,
She does but ſhew her coward face and dies:
There thy good Scholiaſts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains:
Here ſtudious I unlucky moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpear once a week.
For thee ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsleſs prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. *Nor ſleeps one error—Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders*, &c.] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakeſpear* guilty of terrible *Anachroniſms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had cover'd; and converſant in ſuch authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkin*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay, ſo far had he loſt his reverence to this incomparable author, as to ſay in print, *He deſerv'd to be whipt*. An inſolence which nothing ſure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*,

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly thro' the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptineſs, and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my Elaſticity, and Fire.

who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakeſpear was a Raſcal. O tempora! O mores!* SCRIBL.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakeſpear once a week.*] For ſome time once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Miſt's Journal* a ſingle remark or poor conjecture on ſome *word* or *pointing* of *Shakeſpear*, either in his own name, or in letters to himſelf as from others without name. Upon theſe ſomebody made this Epigram,

"'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
"To help us thus to read the works of others:
"Never for this can juſt returns be ſhown;
"For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays*;] As to *Cook's Heſiod*, where ſometimes a note, and ſometimes even *half* a note, are carefully owned by him: And to *Moore's Comedy* of the *Rival Modes*, and other authors of the ſame rank: Theſe were people who writ about the year 1726.

REMARKS.

VER. 178, 179. *Guard the ſure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.*] For *Wit* or *Reaſoning* are never greatly hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded in *Truth*, and the other in *Uſefulneſs*. W.

VER. 181. *As, forc'd from wind-guns*, &c.] The thought of theſe four verſes is found in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and ſoon after printed) to the Author of a poem call'd *Succeſſio*.

Some Dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th'offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe:
Elſe all my Proſe and Verſe were much the ſame;
This, proſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my Fops appear confin'd?
My Life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead Letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk Example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure had Heav'n decreed to ſave the State,
Heav'n had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This grey-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 195. *Yet ſure had Heav'n* &c.] In the former Edd.

Had Heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to ſpare the Grubſtreet-ſtate.
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!
Could Troy be ſav'd *&c.* ———

IMITATIONS.

VER. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]

Me ſi cœlicolæ voluiſſent ducere vitam,
Has mihi ſervaſſent ſedes.—— Virg. Æn. ii.

VER. 197, 198. *Could Troy be ſav'd—This grey-gooſe weapon*]

—— *Si Pergama dextra*
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent. Virg. ibid.

What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the Doctors ſit,
Teach Oaths to Gameſters, and to Nobles Wit?

REMARKS.

VER. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as juſtly ſpeak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le "connois bien; c'eſt le méme que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made ſo free with him.

VER. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himſelf) a *Biſhop* of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, "the Prince of Orange, and Myſelf were on the anvil, Provi- "dence thought fit to poſtpone mine, 'till theirs were deter- "mined: But had my father carried me a month ſooner to the "Univerſity, who knows but that purer fountain might have "waſhed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, inſtead "of Plays and annual *Odes*, Sermons and *Paſtoral Letters?*" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

VER. 203. *at* White's *amidſt the* Doctors] Theſe Doctors had a modeſt and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing; but, like true Maſters of Arts, were only habited in *black* and *white*: They were juſtly ſtyled *ſubtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being ſometimes examined, and, by a nice diſtinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God.*]

Dextra mihi Deus, *& telum* quod miſſile libro.
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Or bidſt thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at diff'rent ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)
Shall I, like Curtius, deſp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,
And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

This learned Critic is to be underſtood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *falſe Dice*, a Cant phraſe uſed amongſt Gameſters. So the meaning of theſe four ſonorous Lines is only this, "Shall I play fair, or foul?"

VER. 208. *Ridpath—Miſt.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-poſt; Nathanael Miſt, of a famous Tory Journal.

VER. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,*] Relates to the well-known ſtory of the geeſe that ſaved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat.

A paſſage I have always ſuſpected. Who ſees not the antitheſis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majeſty? And what abſurdity to ſay a gooſe *ſings? canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this ſilly bird, in Ecl. ix.

——— *argutos* interſtrepere *anſer olores.*

Read it, therefore, *adeſſe ſtrepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* does not the very verſe preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, conſiſtent? I ſcruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuſcriptis*) to correct it *auritis.* Horace uſes the ſame epithet in the ſame ſenſe,

Hold—to the Miniſter I more incline;
To ſerve his cauſe, O Queen! is ſerving thine.
And ſee! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henly writes no more.
What then remains? Ourſelf. Still, ſtill remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 213. *Hold—to the Miniſter—*] In the former Edd.

Yes, to my Country I my pen conſign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine.

REMARKS.

—— Auritas *fidibus canoris*
Ducere quercus.

And to ſay that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

VER. 212. *And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes ſo ingenuouſly confeſſes of himſelf, is true of all Party-writers whatſoever: "That he defends the ſupreme powers, as "the *Geeſe* by their *cackling* defended the Romans, who held "the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, "their Enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls "if they had been *poſſeſſed of the Capitol.*" Epiſt. Dedic. to the Leviathan. W.

VER. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of miniſterial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their Patron quitted his poſt, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

VER. 218. *Cibberian forehead*] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no ſcruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elſewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great *Modeſty—modeſt Cibber*—Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead.* This is perfectly claſſical, and, what is more, *Ho-*

This brazen Brightneſs, to the 'Squire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd Hardneſs, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Abſurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Meſs, toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town.

O born in ſin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225. *O born in ſin,* &c.] In the former Edd.

Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Un-ſtall'd, unſold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without ſpot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or ſhipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or waſting ginger, round the ſtreets to run,
And viſit Ale-houſe, where ye firſt begun.
With that he lifted thrice the ſparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c. ——

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And viſit Alehouſe,*] *Waller* on the Navy,

Thoſe tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.

REMARKS.

merical; the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is the modern, ſymbol of Impudence: (Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, ſays Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a ſuperlative degree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus*, the *Dog with three heads*.—But as to the latter part of this verſe, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL. W.

VER. 225. *O born in ſin,* &c.] This is a tender and paſ-

Go, purify'd by flames aſcend the ſky,
My better and more chriſtian progeny!
Unſtain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden ſheets;
While all your ſmutty ſiſters walk the ſtreets.
Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Paſs, and vagrant thro' the land;
Not ſail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

REMARKS.

ſionate Apoſtrophe to his own works, which he is going to ſacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miſerable fates to which they would otherwiſe be ſubject.

VER. 228. *My better and more chriſtian progeny!*] "It may "be obſervable, that my muſe and my ſpouſe were equally pro-"lific; that the one was ſeldom the mother of a Child, but in "the ſame year the other made me the father of a Play. I "think we had a dozen of each ſort between us; of both "which kinds ſome *died* in their *Infancy*," *&c.* Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

VER. 231. *gratis-given Bland—Sent with a Paſs,*] It was a practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and miniſterial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to ſend them *Poſt-free* to all the Towns in the kingdom.

VER. 233. — *with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,*] "Ed-"ward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibraſtic verſe, "but beſt known by the London Spy, in proſe. He has of

IMITATIONS.

VER. 229. *Unſtain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

—— *Fælix Priameïa virgo!*
Juſſa mori: quæ ſortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incenſa, diverſa per æquora veſtæ, &c.
Virg. Æn. iii.

Great Cæſar roars, and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.

REMARKS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the firſt notes on the Dunciad it was ſaid, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (ſays he) is as unjuſt as to ſay I could "not dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell moſt ſhamefully, having produced no leſs than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preſerves in theſe few lines) the three firſt of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth ſuppreſſed in fear of the like treatment.

VER. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old ſtubble*] A Comedy threſhed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and ſo much the Tranſlator's favourite, that he aſſues us all our author's diſlike to it could only ariſe from *diſaffection to the Government*:

Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon Roi,
Et n'a, ſelon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi. Boil.

He aſſures us, that "when he had the honour to kiſs his Ma-"jeſty's hand upon preſenting his dedication of it, he was "graciouſly pleaſed, out of his Royal bounty, to order him "two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not *grieved* "Mr. P."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occaſion, burning her offspring:

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

—Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano ſuperante domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon. ———

Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.
Rowz'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thulè from her bed,
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.

REMARKS.

VER. 256. *When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.*] See Virgil, Æn. ii. where I would adviſe the reader to peruſe the ſtory of Troy's deſtruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a moſt grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horſe*; there never having been any ſuch thing. For, firſt, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, ſecondly, it was not a *horſe*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verſes in Virgil:

——— Uterumque *armato milite complent.* ———
Incluſos utero *Danaos* ———

Can a horſe be ſaid *Utero gerere?* Again,

——— Uteroque *recuſſo,*
Inſonuere cavæ ———
——— *Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere.*

Nay, is not expreſly ſaid

Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fœta *armis* ———

How is it poſſible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horſe?* And indeed can it be conceived that the chaſte and virgin Goddeſs *Pallas* would employ herſelf in forming and faſhioning the Male of that ſpecies? But this ſhall be proved to a demonſtration in our Virgil reſtored. SCRIBL.

VER. 258. *Thule*] An unfiniſhed poem of that name, of which one ſheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an uſual method of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion

Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.
So Spirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recognize their Native Place.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 268. in the former Edd. followed theſe two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.

Var. *And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.*] He writ a poem call'd the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wiſh, "That ſome great genius, or man of diſ-"ſtinguiſh'd merit may be *ſtarved*, in order to celebrate her "power, and deſcribe her Cave." It was printed in octavo 1715.

REMARKS.

that this ſheet was of the nature of the Aſbeſtos, which cannot be conſumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

VER. 265. *ſacred Dome:*] Where he no ſooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato ſays the ſpirits ſhall, at their entrance into the celeſtial regions.

IMITATIONS.

V. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs*
She looks and breathes herſelf into their airs.]

Alma parens confeſſa Deam; qualiſque videri
Cœlicolis, & quanta ſolet —— Virg. Æn. ii.

Et lætos oculis afflavit honores. Id. Æn. i.

This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her Opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' Imperial ſeat of Fools.
Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhews;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loit'ring into proſe:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes felons ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,

REMARKS.

VER. 269. *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulneſs*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were conſtantly enquiring *quid nunc?* what news?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 269. *This the Great Mother, &c.*]

Urbs antiqua fuit ———
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Poſthabita coluiſſe Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus eſſe
(Si qua fata ſinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque. Virg Æ. i.

'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286
The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.

REMARKS.

VER. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and ſon to an Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a Tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under-ſpur-leather to the Law, is become an under-ſtrapper to the Play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued the Metamorpoſes of Ovid by a vile Tranſlation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Cenſor." DENNIS Rem. on Pope's Hom. p 9, 10.

Ibid. *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where *ſomebody* left him *ſomething* to live on, when he ſhall retire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to be ſent to Cambridge, in order for prieſthood; but he choſe rather to be placed in an *office of accounts*, in the City, being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill in *arithmetic*, and writing the neceſſary *hands*. He has obliged the world with many tranſlations of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of *Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729. in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my *learning*, this envious Wretch knew, and every body knows, that the *whole bench of Biſhops*, not long ago, were pleaſed to give me a *purſe of guineas*, for diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations of the Common-prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, &c. As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland ſhew better verſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was ſo pleaſed with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. &c. Let him

And lo! her bird, (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl,)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My ſon! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 293. *Know, Euſden &c.*] in the former Edd.

Know, Settle cloy'd with cuſtard, and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt.
I ſee a King! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my throne!
I ſee! I ſee! —Then rapt ſhe ſpoke no more,
God ſave King Tibbald! Grubſtreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block &c.

REMARKS.

"ſhew better and truer Poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than "in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket *(la Secchia rapita.)* And M. "Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's tranſla-"tion of Homer *to be*, as it was *prior*, ſo likewiſe *ſuperior* to "Pope's.—Surely, ſurely, every man is free to deſerve well "of his country!" JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the *Bench of Biſhops*, Mr. *Toland*, and Mr *Gildon*.

VER. 290. *A Heideggre*] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic ſire,
With Fool of Quality compleats the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a Friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my ſons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheſes, and Puns.

REMARKS.

VER. 296. *Withers,*] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels of the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad Plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

VER. 297. *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]

——*Quorum Imagines lambunt,*
Hederæ ſequaces. Perſ.

Let Bawdry, Billinſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.

O! when ſhall riſe a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nurſing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt Prince and People cloſe the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
Fatten the Courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle Armies, and dry-nurſe the land:

REMARKS.

VER. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.*] When the Statute againſt Gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, that the King, by ancient cuſtom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the ſummer the Court was at Kenſington, which his Majeſty accidentally being acquainted of, with a juſt indignation prohibited. It is reported the ſame practice is yet continued wherever the Court reſides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the profeſſed Gameſters in town.

Greateſt *and* juſteſt Sov'REIGN! *know you this?*
Alas! no more, than Thames' *calm* head *can know*
Whoſe meads his arms *drown, or whoſe corn o'erflow.*
Donne to Queen Eliz

IMITATIONS.

VER. 311. *O! when ſhall riſe a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant. II.

Helas! qu'eſt devenu cet tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans: &c.

'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat:
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God ſave king Colley! cries;
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)

REMARKS.

VER. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Inſtruments uſed in the ſervice of the Chapel-royal being alſo employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes.

VER. 324. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was, that ſhe might "get enough by her profeſſion to leave it off in "time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great Friends and Votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

VER. 325. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, where theſe Odes are uſually rehearſed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of thoſe times made this Epigram,

When Laureates make odes, Do you aſk of what ſort?
Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—From the Devil they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil.

Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave King Log!

REMARKS.

VER. 328.—*Ogilby*]—*God ſave king Log!*] See Ogilby's Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemiſtic is to be found.

Our Author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a prodigious tenderneſs for the *bad writers*. We ſee he ſelects the only good paſſage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which ſhews how candid and patient a reader he muſt have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than theſe words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the moſt moderate repreſentation of their caſe that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of "bad poets: What we call a *genius* is hard to be diſtinguiſh-"ed, by a man himſelf, from a prevalent inclination: And if "it be never ſo great, he can at firſt diſcover it no other way "than by that ſtrong propenſity which renders him the more "liable to be miſtaken. He has no other method but to make "the experiment, by writing, and ſo appealing to the judg-"ment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is "certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made the object "of ridicule! I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that even "the worſt authors might endeavour to pleaſe us, and, in that en-"deavour, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe "to quarrel with them, but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting, "and even that may admit of alleviating circumſtances: For "their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unſincere; "and the reſt of the world too well bred to ſhock them with "a truth which generally their bookſellers are the firſt that "inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe people may appear from the juſt reflection made on their conſtant conduct and conſtant fate, in the following Epigram:

"Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
"When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
"Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
"How ſoon ye fade away!

" To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
" Thus empty vapours riſe;
" Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
" That rear'd him to the ſkies.

" Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
" There He ſhall ever burn:
" Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
" And muſt to Earth return.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD:

BOOK the SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with public Games *and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the* Goddeſs *in perſon (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ.* xxiv. *propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Bookſellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the* Bookſellers, *and ſetteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a* Poeteſs. *Then follow the Exerciſes for the* Poets, *of* tickling, vociferating, diving: *The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of* Dedicators, *the ſecond of* Diſputants *and* fuſtian Poets, *the*

third of profound, dark, *and* dirty Party-writers. *Laſtly, for the* Critics, *the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an Exerciſe, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in* verſe, *and the other in* proſe, *deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operation, are here ſet forth; 'till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.*

F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion sculp.

And now to this Side, now to that, they nod,
As Verse or Prose infuse the drowsy God.

Dunciad, Book II.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far out-ſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,

REMARKS.

TWO things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all verbal criticiſm is founded and ſupported: The firſt, that an Author could never fail to uſe the *beſt word* on every occaſion; the ſecond, that a Critic cannot chuſe but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt, that the author could *never have uſed it*; and, ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed *that very one*, which we conjecture in its ſtead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave king Log.

He has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets; putting *hoarſe* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all ſound Commentators.

VER. 2. *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it is this extraordinary inſcription, *The Primitive Euchariſt*. See the hiſtory of this perſon, book iii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *High on a gorgeous ſeat*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

High on a throne of royal ſtate, that far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſate. ———

Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden ſhow'rs,
Great Cibber ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
So from the Sun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns
Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their horns.

REMARKS.

Ibid. *or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,*] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne; —ἐπὶ θρόνων τινὸς ὑψηλῶν μαλα σοφιστικῶς καθεζόμενος. Themiſtius. Orat. i.

VER. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,*] Edmund Curl ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March 1727-8. "This (ſaith Edmund Curl) is a falſe Aſſertion — I "had indeed the corporal puniſhment of what the Gentlemen "of the long Robe are pleaſed jocoſely to call *mounting the* "*Roſtrum* for one hour: but that ſcene of Action was not in "the month of *March*, but in *February*." [*Curliad*, 12mo *p.* 19.] And of *the Hiſtory of his being toſt in a Blanket*, he ſaith, "Here, *Striblerus!* thou leeſeth in what thou aſſerteſt con-

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſev'n hills, the Antichriſt of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They ſummon all her Race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,

REMARKS.

" cerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*." p. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. *Cibber* remonſtrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not *Brazen*, but *Blocks*; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationſhip.

We ſhould think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our Part, if we corrected not as well *our own Errors* now, as formerly thoſe of the *Printer*. Since what moved us to this Work, was ſolely the Love of *Truth*, not in the leaſt any Vainglory, or Deſire to contend with *Great Authors*. And further, our Miſtakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as ſcarce poſſible to be avoided in writing of ſuch Perſons and Works as do ever ſhun the Light. However, that we may not any way ſoften or extenuate the ſame, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagoniſts: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuſe of the Parties offended: For ſurely in this Work, it hath been above all things our deſire, *to provoke no Man*. SCRIBL.

VER. 15. *Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement

From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
But now (ſo ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory, and gain, th'induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.

REMARKS.

which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jeſt which the court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to *weep for joy*[a]. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured fourth verſes without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. chap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Proluſions.

VER. 34. *And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.*] This ſpecies of mirth called a *joke*, ariſing from a *Mal-entendu* may be well ſuppoſed to be the delight of *Dulneſs*. W.

[a] See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

A Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarv'ling bards of theſe degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;

REMARKS.

VER. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead*;] i. e.
A trifling head, *and a* contracted heart,

as the poet, book iv. deſcribes the *accompliſhed* Sons of Dulneſs; of whom this is only an *Image*, or Scarecrow, and ſo ſtuffed out with theſe correſponding materials. SCRIBL. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *A Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.

Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem ſine viribus umbram
In faciem Æneæ (viſu mirabile monſtrum!)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimilat capitis——
—— *Dat* inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum——

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There ſeems to me a great propriety in this Epiſode, where ſuch an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting Bookſeller.

VER. 39. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,*]

Vix illud lecti bis ſex ——
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus. Virg. Æn xii.

With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, ſo juſt a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

REMARKS.

VER. 47. *Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of *Dulneſs* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance.*) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

VER. 50. *and call'd the phantom More.*] CURL, in his key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-More Smith eſq. and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the *Teſtimonies*) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) "do not expoſe me, I did it for mere want; be ſo good but "to take it privately out of my pocket again, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cry'd out, "See, gentle-"men, what a thief we have among us! look, he is ſtealing "my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbuthnot* a paper call'd an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the *South-Sea*; and of Mr. *Pope* the Memoirs of a Pariſh Clark, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev Dr. *Young*,—*F. Billers*, Eſq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them;

All gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
Others a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
" This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;

REMARKS.

he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope*'s Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of *Apr.* 3. 1728.) " That the contempt " which he and others had for thoſe pieces (which only himſelf had ſhown, and handed about as his own) " occaſion'd " their being loſt, and for that cauſe only not return'd." A fact, of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but he could be the publiſher of it. The plagiariſms of this perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

" More always ſmiles whenever he recites;
" He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
" And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
" A modeſt man may like what's not his own.

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a paſſion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very ſtrong inſtance atteſted by Mr. *Savage* ſon of the late Earl *Rivers*; who having ſhown ſome verſes of his in manuſcript to Mr. *Moore*, wherein Mr. *Pope* was call'd *firſt of the tuneful train*, Mr. *Moore* the next morning ſent to Mr. *Savage* to deſire him to give thoſe verſes another turn, to wit, " That *Pope* might now be the " *firſt*, becauſe *Moore* had left him unrival'd in turning his ſtyle " to Comedy." This was during the rehearſal of the *Rival Modes*, his firſt and only work; the Town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modeſt Motto,

Hic cæſtus, artemque repono.

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans*: *Coſmelia*, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c. The Mock-marriage of

" With me began this genius, and ſhall end." 55
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curl; " Behold that rival here!

REMARKS.

a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parſon, by Dr. *W.* The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a *Friend.* Certain Phyſical works on Sir *James Baker*; and ſome unown'd Letters, Advertiſements, and Epigrams againſt our author in the *Daily Journal.*

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of the Perſon imagin'd by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; ſince our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf, which every reader had done for him; ſince the name itſelf is not ſpell'd *Moore*, but *More*; and laſtly, ſince the learned *Scriblerus* has ſo well prov'd the contrary.

VER. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. *More* from μῶρος, *ſtultus*, μωρία, *ſtultitia*, to repreſent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus, *Admonuit me* Mori *cognomen tibi, quod tam ad* Moriæ *vocabulum accedit quam es ipſe a re alienus.* Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *Vale*, More! *& moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu, More! and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the epiſode of the Bookſellers: Perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull.* This eminent Bookſeller printed the *Rival Modes* before-mentioned.

VER. 58. *Stood dauntleſs Curl;*] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſ-

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
" So take the hindmoſt Hell, (he ſaid) and run."

REMARKS.

ſeſſed himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is *favoured of the Gods*; he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once inſtructive and prophetical: After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curl ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being firſt threatened, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly tranſferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours ſince received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, " that any " one ſhall be, at ſome time or other, the better or the worſe, " for having but *ſeen* or *ſpoken* to a good or bad man."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *So take the hindmoſt, Hell.*]

Occupet extremum ſcabies; mihi turpe relinqui eſt.

Hor. de Arte.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtrip'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 61, &c. Something like this is in Homer, Il. x. ℣ 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the ſame author in his ſimilies are alſo imitated in the two following; the firſt, of the Bailiff, is ſhort, unadorned, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life*; the ſecond of the Water-fowl, more extended, pictureſque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verſe is likewiſe a literal tranſlation of one in Homer.

V. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,]

——*So eagerly the Fiend*
O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtreight, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
Milton, Book ii.

VER. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his ſtate,*
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.]

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

——*rows*
His ſtate with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's,—*With two left legs*—

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop,)
Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fal'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:

REMARKS.

VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe Gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

VER. 75. *Obſcene with filth, &c.*] Though this incident may ſeem too low and baſe for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words ὄμφη and *fimus* are uſed by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raiſed the verſification, in this Epiſode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden in *Mack-Fleckno*, has not ſcrupled to mention the *Morning Toaſt* at which the fiſhes bite in the Thames, *Piſſing*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide;*]

Labitur infelix, cæſis ut forte juvencis
Fuſus humum viride ſque ſuper madefecerat herbas—
Concidit, immundoque fimo, ſacroque cruore.
Virg. Æn. v. of Niſus.

VER. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]

—Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret. Virg. Ecl. vi.

Then firſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
Hear Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any God's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where, from Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.

REMARKS.

Alley, Relicks of the Bum, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer ſays of Virgil in his Georgics) *toſſes about his* Dung *with an air of Majeſty.* If we conſider that the exerciſes of his *Authors* could with juſtice be no higher than *tickling, chattering, braying,* or *diving,* it was no eaſy matter to invent ſuch games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Bookſellers.* In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Niſus, the perſons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes*; whereas here they are ſuch with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; beſides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nuſances. Nevertheleſs I have heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what coſt him moſt trouble and pleaſed him leaſt; but that he hoped it was excuſable, ſince levelled at ſuch as underſtand no delicate ſatire: Thus the politeſt men are ſometimes obliged to *ſwear,* when they happen to have to do with porters and oyſter-wenches.

VER. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, Curl's ſign; the Croſs-keys, Lintot's.

VER. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.]

IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,*]
Orbe locus medio eſt, inter terraſque, fretumque,
Cœleſteſque plagas —— Ovid. Met. xii.

There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervants call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Liſt'ning delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

REMARKS.

VER. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.

—— ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα Θεοῖο,
Ἰχὼρ, οἷος πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν.
A ſtream of nect'rous humour iſſuing flow'd,
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſp'rits may bleed. Milton.

VER. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddeſs of the common-ſewers.

VER. 101. *Where as he fiſh'd &c.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vig'rous he riſes; from th'effluvia ſtrong
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Re-paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.

And now the victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, ſonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whiſk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

REMARKS.

VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments uſed by witches to enable them to fly in the air, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 108. *Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.*]

——— *faciem oſtentabat, & udo*
Turpia membra fimo ——— Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 111. *A ſhapeleſs ſhade, &c.*]

——— *Effugit imago*
Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomno. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 114. *His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;*] Virgil, Æn. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,

Carmina ———
turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

Th'embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey;
That ſuit an unpay'd taylor ſnatch'd away.
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grubſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.

REMARKS.

VER. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of thoſe perſons, whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had owned. See Note on ℣ 50.

VER. 118. *an unpay'd taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in Miſt, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the *poverty* of *Poets*: But it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt be on a bad *paymaſter*, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as *non-payment*; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himſelf was not in debt, it was be-"cauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

VER. 124. *like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior*;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.—Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.— "Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was "author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic per-"formance to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and ſome "ladies of quality," ſays CURL, Key, p. 11.

Curl ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illuſion on the town:
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Ducheſſes and Lady Maries;)

REMARKS.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*] Bookſellers, and Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

VER. 126. *Breval, Bond, Beſaleel,*] I foreſee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our aſſertion on ℣ 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, ſince theſe perſons are equally repreſented by the poet as phantoms. So at firſt ſight it may ſeem; but be not deceived, reader; theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called The Confederates; but the ſame Curl firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay: Is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on our poet: But where is ſuch a ſatire to be found; where was ſuch a writer ever heard of? As for Beſaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend upon it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

VER. 128. *Joſeph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's.

VER. 132. *And turn this whole illuſion on the town:*] It was a common practice of this bookſeller to publiſh vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Be thine, my ſtationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.

REMARKS.

VER. 137.—*this magic gift*] In verity (ſaith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy Brethren of Grubſtreet be taught as in many things they have already been) by the modern maſters of Polemics? who when they make free with their neighbours, ſeize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name*; as knowing that thoſe will produce a *name* of their own.

VER. 138. *Cook ſhall be Prior,*] The man here ſpecified writ a thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welſted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He alſo publiſhed ſome malevolent things in the Britiſh, London, and Daily Journals; and at the ſame time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, proteſting his innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half-notes, which he carefully owned.

VER. 138. *and Concanen, Swift:*] In the firſt edition of this poem there were only aſteriſks in this place, but the names were ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

VER. 140. *And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addiſon; in a word, almoſt every man of his time that deſerved it; even Cibber himſelf (preſuming him to be author of the Careleſs Huſband.) It was very difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on this ſubject, yet he has

With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

REMARKS.

found means to inſert their panegyric, and has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his conſtant friend, and as he was his predeceſſor in this kind of ſatire. The Diſpenſary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It alſo did, what Mr. Theobald ſays is unpardonable, drew in *parts* of *private character*, and introduced *perſons independent of his ſubject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever, on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greateſt ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines addreſſed to our author;

" The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
" (Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
" Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
" To ſhew us which way blows the wind.

" Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point inſtruction ev'ry way.

" With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive:
" One potent drop let this but ſhed,
" And ev'ry Rogue that ſtunk alive,
" Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

A ſhaggy Tap'ſtry, worthy to be ſpread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

REMARKS.

VER. 142. *rueful length of face)*] "The decrepid perſon or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *Genius:* An honeſt mind will love and eſteem a *man of worth*, tho' he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a perſon for his *rueful length of face!*" Miſt's Journal, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honeſt mind ſhould *love*, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he ſtood in the Pillory, an incident which will lenghten the face of any man tho' it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not "by our fault; 'tis often occaſioned by calamities and diſeaſes, "which a man can no more help than a monſter can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one diſeaſe, "but what all the reſt of mankind are ſubject to.—But the deformity of this *Author* is viſible, preſent, laſting, unalterable, "and peculiar to himſelf. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature "upon him, to give us warning that we ſhould hold no ſociety "with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our ſpecies: and they who have refuſed to take this warning which "God and nature have given them, and have, in ſpite, of it by "a ſenſeleſs preſumption ventured to be familiar with him, have "ſeverely ſuffered, *&c.* 'Tis certain his original is not from "Adam, but from the Devil," *&c.* DENNIS, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingſgate can never be the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 141, 142. —— *piteous of his caſe,*
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face.)]

——— *Riſit pater optimus illi.—*
Me liceat caſum miſereri inſontis amici —
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c. Virg. Æ. v.

Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure. 146

REMARKS.

"language of charity, nor conſequently of Chriſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I conſider it really hurts not *him*; whereas to call ſome others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little aſs* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothleſs lion* or an *old ſerpent*. Indeed, had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *ſcurra in triviis*, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned: But in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preſerved.

SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhews his humanity. But it was far otherwiſe with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable Verſes:

"While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celeſtial fire;
"While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth aſſail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"Theſe times tho' many a Friend bewail,
"Theſe times bewail not I.

"But when the World's loud praiſe is thine,
"And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
"When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
"In one eſtabliſh'd fame:

Earleſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.

REMARKS.

" When none ſhall rail, and ev'ry lay
" Devote a wreathe to thee;
" That day (for come it will) that day
" Shall I lament to ſee.

VER. 143. *A ſhaggy Tap'ſtry,*] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry frequent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; like that which is ſpoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Chriſt in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

VER. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, ſee Juvenal, deſcribing his *poverty* very copiouſly, Sat. iii. ℣ 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort Wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd;
And to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, caſt from honeſt clay.
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd,
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt. Dryden.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertiſements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, aſſures us, " that " Juvenal never ſatirized the Poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of

Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!

REMARKS.

ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peterborough, &c.

VER. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge*] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying-poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

VER. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,*] The hiſtory of Curl's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcell.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,*]

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
Conſtitit, & lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris? Virg. Æn. i.

VER. 156. *And the freſh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on theſe lines of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;
Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.

REMARKS.

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcriblers (for the moſt part of that ſex, which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbance of private happineſs. Our good poet (by the whole caſt of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not ſhew his indignation, hath ſhewn his contempt, as much as poſſible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be repreſented in the colours of Epic poeſy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, ſee CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleaſed to throw upon this Lady, ſurely it was what from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herſelf "to be ſo perfectly acquainted with the *ſweetneſs* "*of his diſpoſition*, and that *tenderneſs with which he conſidered* "*the errors of his fellow creatures*; that, though ſhe ſhould find "the *little inadvertencies* of her *own life* recorded in his papers, "ſhe was certain it would be done in ſuch a manner as ſhe "could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hiſt. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dreſſed up before them.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 158. *Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt.*]
Creſſa genus, Pholoë, geminique ſub ubere nati. Virg. Æ. v.

The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far-ſtreaming to the ſky;
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not ingloriouſly, at home."
Oſborne and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife,
(Tho' this his Son diſſuades, and that his Wife.)

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *Oſborne, Thomas*] A Bookſeller in Grays-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs deſerving Predeceſſor. This man publiſhed advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's Subſcription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which books he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this Advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy muſt it be to a Writer to be

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163. —— *yon Juno* ——
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In alluſion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

VER. 165. *This China Jordan*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito. Virg. Æn. vi.

In the games of Homer, Il. xxiii. there are ſet together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is juſtly diſpleaſed. Mrs. H. is here treated with diſtinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and ſuperior ſize.
Firſt Oſborne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt;
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its wat'ry round,
(Sure ſign, that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd)
A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild Meander waſh'd the Artiſt's face:

REMARKS.

" ſo unhappy as to ſee his works hawked for ſale in a man-
" ner ſo fatal to his fame! How, with Honour to yourſelf, and
" Juſtice to your Subſcribers, can this be done? What an In-
" gratitude to be charged on the *Only honeſt Poet* that lived in
" 1738! and than whom *Virtue* has not had a *ſhriller Trumpeter*
" for many ages! That you were once *generally admired and*
" *eſteemed* can be denied by none; but that you and your
" works are now deſpiſed, is verified by *this fact*:" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement on the Bookſeller.

IMITATIONS.

VER 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour]

Ille — melior motu, fretuſque juventa;
Hic membris & mole valens. Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow ———*
(Sure ſign ———

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.

——— ἅς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ σήμηξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturn a fondez dans les nües, pour être dans tous les âges une ſigne à tous les mortels. Dacier.

Thus the ſmall jett, which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curl; impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.

REMARKS.

VER. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn*;] In a manuſcript Dunciad (where are ſome marginal corrections of ſome gentlemen ſome time deceaſed) I have found another reading of theſe lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their paſſage glow.

This I cannot but think the right: For firſt, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may ſeem not very material to others, to me I confeſs the latter has an elegance, a *je ne ſçay quoy*, which is much eaſier to be conceived than explained. Se-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus*]

Virgil mentions theſe two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua *vultu,*
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior *influit amnis.*

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the ſkies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer currents loſt;
Thy nobler ſtream ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars, and bathe the Gods.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize. 186
Thou triumph'ſt, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-ſmiling, lead'ſt away.

REMARKS.

condly, every reader of our poet muſt have obſerved how frequently he uſes this word *glow* in other parts of this works: To inſtance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ℣ 726.—*With one reſentment glows.*
(2.) Iliad xi. ℣ 626.—*There the battle glows.*
(3.) Ibid. ℣ 985.—*The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.*
(4.) Iliad xii. ℣ 45.—*Encompaſs'd Hector glows.*
(5.) Ibid. ℣ 475—. *His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows.*
(6.) Iliad xviii. ℣ 591.—*Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.*
(7.) Ibid. ℣ 654.—*And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.*

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This Note is half Mr. THEOBALD, half SCRIBL.

VER. 187. *The high-wrought day*,] Some affirm, this was originally, *well p—ſt day*; but the Poet's decency would not ſuffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifeſts great anger; he exclaims againſt all ſuch *Conjectural Emendations* in this manner: "Let it ſuffice, O Pallas! that every noble Ancient, *Greek* or "*Roman*, hath ſuffered the impertinent correction of every "*Dutch*, *German*, and *Switz* Schoolmaſter! Let our Engliſh "at leaſt eſcape, whoſe intrinſic is ſcarce of marble ſo ſolid, as

Oſborne, thro' perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.
His Honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſtate:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous taſk commence,
And, inſtant, fancy feels th'imputed ſenſe;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our Operas:

REMARKS.

" not to be impaired or ſoiled by ſuch rude and dirty hands.
" Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death
" at leaſt to find reſt and ſanctuary from Critics! When theſe
" men have ceaſed to *rail*, let them not begin to do worſe,
" to *comment!* Let them not conjecture into nonſenſe, correct
" out of all correctneſs, and reſtore into obſcurity and confu-
" ſion. Miſerable fate! which can befal only the ſprightlieſt
" wits that have written, and will befal them only from ſuch
" dull ones as could never write!"

VER. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught

Bentley his mouth with claſſic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

Italian to ſome fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

VER. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Hallifax, but (on a change of the Miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley. A taſte of his *Claſſic Elocution* may be ſeen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentiſſimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar*, adorare. *O ingens* Reipublicæ *noſtræ columen! O fortunatam tanto* Heroe *Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro* DEUM *per* Omnia *adfuiſſe, manumque ejus & mentem direxiſſe*, CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus *enim* Unius *ferme opera*, æquiſſimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, *diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impoſitum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria digniſſimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit*, Pacem*que diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ reſtituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) tranſlated:

"Thy Father, that moſt refulgent ſtar of the Anglican Orb, "we much deſire to *adore!* Oh mighty Column of our *Re-* "*publick!* Oh Britain, fortunate in ſuch an *Hero!* That to "ſuch and ſo great a Man GOD was ever preſent, in *every* "*thing*, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is "a *Moſt Abſolute Certainty!* For it is in a manner by the ope- "ration of this *Man alone*, that we behold a *War* (alas! how "much too long an one!) brought at length to an end, *on the* "*moſt juſt and moſt honourable Conditions.* Oh Day eternally "to be memorated! wherein All the Terrors of his Country "were ended, and a PEACE (long wiſh'd for by *almoſt all* "*Europe*) was reſtor'd by HARLEY, the Love and Delight "of the People of England."

But that this Gentleman can write in a different ſtyle, may be ſeen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein ſeveral Noble Lords are treated in a moſt extraordinary language, par-

But Welſted moſt the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the firſt Ed.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm &c.

REMARKS.

ticularly the Lord Bolingbroke abuſed for that very PEACE which he here makes the *ſingle work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

VER. 207. *Welſted*] Leonard Welſted, author of The Triumvirate, or a Letter in verſe from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a ſatire on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator*: And there was another in praiſe either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatiſe Περὶ Βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was alſo characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the enſuing Simile, which was handed about at the ſame time;

"Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a Mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty ſtir it keeps below?
"To make a Mole-hill all this ſtrife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to ſpread;
"Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
"'Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into Light—and dies.

You have him again in book iii. ℣ 169.

While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
His ſiſter ſends, her vot'reſs, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to diff'rent ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh ev'ry heart,
With Shakeſpear's nature, or with Johnſon's art,

REMARKS.

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The ſatire of this Epiſode being levelled at the baſe flatteries of authors to worthleſs wealth or greatneſs, concludes here with an excellent leſſon to ſuch men: That altho' their pens and praiſes were as exquiſite as they conceit of themſelves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who ſerveth the paſſions, or pimpeth to the pleaſures, of ſuch vain, braggart, puſt

IMITATIONS.

VER. 223, 225. *To move, to raiſe, &c.*
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake, &c.]

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes ———

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell;
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chatt'ring ſhames the Monkey tribe:
And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſe
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.

Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,

REMARKS.

Nobility, ſhall with thoſe patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBL.

VER. 226. *With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is more advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is *my* Thun-"der."

VER. 228. — *with a tolling bell*;] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuſeful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

VER. 231. *Three Cat-calls*] Certain muſical inſtruments uſed by one ſort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

VER. 238. *Norton,*] See ŷ 417.—*J. Durant Breval*, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, Note on ŷ 126.

Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore ſighs ſir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So ſwells each wind-pipe; Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High Sound, attemp'red to the vocal noſe;
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield! thine.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 243. *A Cat-call each ſhall win, &c.*]
Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic —— Virg. Ecl. iii.

VER. 247. *As when the &c.*] A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

But far o'er all, ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again. 260
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

REMARKS.

VER. 258. *Webſter—and Whitfield*] The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of ſpiritual madneſs: That, by the old death of fire and faggot: And therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober Clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary perſons, we may learn how little hurtful *Bigotry* and *Enthuſiaſm* are, while the Civil Magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 260. *bray back to him again.*] A figure of ſpeech taken from Virgil:

Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Georg. iii.

He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills low *back to them again.* Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the ſound of *Armour*, *War*, *&c.* In imitation of him, and ſtrengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

VER. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*

Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca. Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progreſs of the ſound from place to place, and the ſcenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Weſtminſter-hall, and Hungerford-ſtairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æn. vii. on the ſounding the horn of Alecto:

Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fonteſque Velini, &c.

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

REMARKS.

VER. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourouſly allegorized in theſe lines.

VER. 268. *Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.*] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the *everlaſting Blackmore*. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, that "this admirable author "did not think himſelf upon the *ſame foot* with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who ſays, "Sir Richard Blackmore is un-"fortunate in happening to miſtake his proper talents; and "that he has not for many years been *ſo much as named*, or "even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr Gildon: "Blackmore's *Action* (ſaith "he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor uni-"verſality; and conſequently he can have no *Fable*, and no "*Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, "nor wonderful; his Characters have none of the neceſſary "qualifications; the things contained in his Narration are nei-"ther in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough,

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end) 270

REMARKS.

" nor rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurpriſing, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has *no Genius*; firſt laying down, that " Genius is cauſed by a *furious joy* and *pride of* " *ſoul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary Hint*. Many " Men (ſays he) have their *Hints*, without theſe motions of " *fury* and *pride of ſoul*, becauſe they want fire enough to agi- " tate their ſpirits; and theſe we call cold writers. Others " who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, " feel the forementioned *motions*, without the *extraordinary* " *hints*; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But he declares that " Sir Richard had neither the *Hints*, nor the *Motions*." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high and ſober terms of profaneneſs and immorality (Eſſay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. " It *was* he who bur- " leſqued the Pſalm of David. It is *apparent* to me that Pſalm " was burleſqued by a *Popiſh rhymeſter*. Let rhyming perſons " who have been brought up *Proteſtants* be otherwiſe what " they will, let them be rakes, let them be ſcoundrels, let " them be *Atheiſts*, yet education has made an invincible im- " preſſion on them in behalf of the ſacred writings. But a " *Popiſh rhymeſter* has been brought up with a contempt for " thoſe ſacred writings; now ſhew me another *Popiſh rhymeſter* " but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the ſame againſt Sir Richard himſelf, in a like charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. " All Mr. Black- " more's celeſtial Machines, as they cannot be defended ſo " much as by common received opinion, ſo are they directly " contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the " viſible deſcent of an Angel muſt be a miracle. Now it is " the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceaſed

To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
"Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who beſt can daſh thro' thick and thin,

REMARKS.

"a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now "if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are "obliged to believe, then are all the celeſtial machines in Prince "Arthur unſufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine "probability. But if the machines are ſufferable, that is, if "they have ſo much as divine probability, then it follows of "neceſſity that the doctrine of the Church is falſe. So I leave "it to every impartial Clergyman to conſider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

VER. 270. *(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end.)* It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the Labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the *Perſons* and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in that *night*; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by Booksellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and laſtly thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

VER. 276, 277, 278.— *daſh thro' thick and thin,—love of dirt—dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of Party-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 273. *The king of dykes, &c.*]

Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
—— quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis. Virg.

" And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
" Or dark dexterity of groping well.
" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound,
" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt; 281
" A peck of coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And Milo-like ſurveys his arms and hands;

REMARKS.

writers: to ſtick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to ſlander in the dark by gueſs.

VER. 280. *the Weekly Journals*] Papers of news and ſcandal intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, called the London Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

VER. 282. " *A peck of coals a-piece*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has ſpoken of any dirty or low work, conſtantly puts us in mind of the *Poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of ſuch practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, an Highwayman, or a Knight of the poſt are ſpoken of, how much our hate to thoſe characters is leſſened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick pocket, an *hungry* Highwayman, a *ſtarving* Knight of the poſt, &c.

VER. 283. *In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, N° 43. which ſays of his own Simile, that " 'Tis as great as " ever entered into the mind of man. " In Poetry he was not

Then ſighing, thus, "And am I now three-ſcore?
"Ah why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?
He ſaid, and clim'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.

REMARKS.

"ſo happy as laborious, and therefore characteriſed by the Tat-"ler N° 62. by the name of *Omicron* the *Unborn Poet.*" Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of "Poetry, conſiſting of heroic Epiſtles, &c. ſome whereof are "very well done," ſaith that great Judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the Hiſtorians in his Collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

VER. 286. "*Ah why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make* "*four?*"] Very reaſonably doth this ancient Critic complain: Without doubt it was a fault in the Conſtitution of things. For the *World*, as a great writer ſaith, *being given to man for a ſubject of diſputation*, he might think himſelf mocked with a penu-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 285. *Then ſighing thus, And am I now threeſcore? &c.*]

— Fletque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere lacertos. Ovid.

The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds thro' all the coaſt.
Then * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:

REMARKS.

rious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence thoſe ſuperior maſters of wiſdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reaſonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*. SCRIBL. W.

But we need not go ſo far, to remark what the Poet principally intended, the abſurdity of complaining of *old age*, which muſt neceſſarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our deſires of adding one year to another.

VER. 291. *Next Smedley div'd*;] In the ſurreptitious editions, this whole Epiſode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a perſon dipp'd in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work: whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing elſe in book i. ℣ 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722. in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 293. *and call on Smedley loſt*; &c.]

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
Hylas, in vain, reſounds thro' all the coaſt.
Lord Roſcom. Tranſlat. of Virgil's 6th Ecl.

He bears no token of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 298. in the firſt Edit. followed theſe,

Far worſe unhappy D——r ſucceeds,
He ſearch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

VER. 295. *Then * eſſay'd,*] A Gentleman of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our Poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in Party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

VER. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſes him of "having boaſted of what he had not written, but "others had reviſed and done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece ſomebody humouroufly cauſed him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was ſince a hired ſcribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 302. *Not everlaſting Blackmore*]

Nec bonus Eurytion præclato invidit honori, &c. Virg. Æn.

No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion can'ſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And Monumental Braſs this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! theſe were, the Gazetteers!"

REMARKS.

lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter Juſtice and Law in Jamaica.

VER. 306. 307. *With each a ſickly brother at his back: Sons of a day, &c.*] Theſe were daily Papers, a number of which, to leſſon the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

VER. 311. *like Niobe*] See the ſtory in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miſerable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically deſcribed.

VER. 312. *Oſborne*] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt, being aſhamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to ſuppreſs that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachroniſm, affirming theſe Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch paper of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert, theſe Gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all the learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this day. Surely therefore, where

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull. 316

REMARKS.

the point is ſo obſcure, our author ought not to be cenſured too raſhly. SCRIBL.

Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as a common ſink, was received all the traſh, which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure men; though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from Stateſmen, Courtiers, Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner ſort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a year. It appears from the *Report* of the *Secret Committee* for enquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no leſs than *fifty-thouſand, ſeven-ty-ſeven pounds, eighteen ſhillings*, were paid to Authors and Printers of News-papers, ſuch as Free-Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731. and Feb. 10, 1741." Which ſhews the Benevolence of One Miniſter to have expended, for the current dulneſs of ten years in Britain, double the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much honour, in annual Penſions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Penſion at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Univerſities, of any Conſideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his Learning ſeparately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics beſtowed by theſe writers on this great Miniſter, not one is at this day extant or remember'd; nor even ſo much credit done to his Perſonal character by all they have written, as by one ſhort occaſional compliment of our Author:

Seen him I have; but in his *happier hour*
Of *ſocial pleaſure*, ill exchang'd for *Pow'r!*
Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
Smile without *Art*, and *win* without a *Bribe*.

Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.

REMARKS.

VER. 317. *Arnall*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his Predeceſſor's. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witneſs a paper, called the Free Briton; a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he received "for "Free Britons, and other writings, in the ſpace of *four years*, "no leſs than *ten thouſand nine hundred and ninety-ſeven pounds*, "*ſix ſhillings, and eight pence*, out of the Treaſury." But frequently, thro' his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable Patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

VER. 323. *The plunging Prelate, &c.*] It having been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance of power in the *civil* conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to no power at all, in the *religious*; I owe ſo much to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile

When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares:
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
  Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.
Then ſung, how ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here riſes from the Shades,

REMARKS.

and malicious, as any candid Man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very Prelate in another part of the Poem. W.

VER. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was raviſhed by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The ſtory is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

VER. 338. *A branch of Styx, &c.*]

Οἵ τ' ἀμφ' ἰμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ,
Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ ξυμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ὀπῤῥέει ἠύτ' ἔλαιον.
Ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπορρώξ.
Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams,
(As under ſeas Alphæus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's off'rings to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.
Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repoſe,
They led him ſoft; each rev'rend Bard aroſe;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.

REMARKS.

Of the land of Dreams in the ſame region, he makes mention, Odyſſ. xxiv. See alſo Lucian's True Hiſtory. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically repreſent the *Stupefaction* and *viſionary Madneſs* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphæus's waters gliding ſecretly under the ſea of Piſa, to mix with thoſe of Arethuſe in Sicily, ſee Moſchus, Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus ſubter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam.

And again, Æn. iii.

—— Alphæum fama eſt huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egiſſe vias ſubter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethuſa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares:*] Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl:

—— majorque videri,
Nec mortale ſonans —

" Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were
mine,
" Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable Army ſtand,
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,
Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiſs, who fight for any God, or Man.

REMARKS.

VER. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the faireſt of Critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

VER. 355. *Around him wide &c.*] It is to be hoped that the ſatire in theſe lines will be underſtood in the confined ſenſe in which the Author meant it, of ſuch only of the Clergy, who, tho' ſolemnly engaged in the ſervice of Religion, dedicate themſelves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Miniſters or Factions; and tho' educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aſpire to interfere in the government of it, and conſequently, to diſturb and diſorder it; in which they fall ſhort only of their

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine paſtor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Muſæ,
Aſcræo quos ante ſeni —— &c.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet,
'Till ſhow'rs of Sermons, Characters, Eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds repleniſh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.
Here ſtopt the Goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.

" Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
" I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails;
" Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
" My H--ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;

REMARKS.

Predeceſſors, when inveſted with a larger ſhare of power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in ſupporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by ſuperſtition, or betraying it by libertiniſm, as either was thought beſt to ſerve the ends of Policy, or flatter the follies of the Great. W.

VER. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] " King Lud repairing the " City, called it, after his own name, Lud's Town; the ſtrong " gate which he built in the weſt part, he likewiſe, for his own " honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260. this gate was " beautified with images of Lud and other Kings. Thoſe " images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads ſmitten " off, and were otherwiſe defaced by unadviſed folks. Queen " Mary did ſet new heads upon their old bodies again. The " 28th of Queen Elizabeth the ſame gate was clean taken " down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of " Lud and others, as afore." *Stow*'s Survey of London.

" Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
" If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt pow'rs to ſit
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.

REMARKS.

VER. 374. See Hom. Odyſſ. xii. Ovid, Met. i.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 380, 381. *The ſame their talents—Each prompt &c.*]
Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & reſpondere parati. Virg. Ecl. vi.

VER. 382. *And ſmit with love of Poetry and Prate.*]
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong —— Milton.

VER. 384. *The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring;*]
Conſedere duces, & vulgi ſtante corona. Ovid. Met. xiii.

The clam'rous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of Mum,
'Till all tun'd equal, ſend a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At ev'ry line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowzy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.

REMARKS.

VER. 388. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page &c.*] "All "theſe lines very well imitate the ſlow drowzineſs with which "they proceed. It is impoſſible to any one, who has a poe-"tical ear, to read them without perceiving the heavineſs that "lags in the verſe, to imitate the action it deſcribes. The "ſimile of the Pines is very juſt and well adapted to the ſub-"ject;" ſays an Enemy, in his Eſſay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

VER. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak,*] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South Sea ſcheme, *&c.* "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written ſome ex-"cellent Epilogues to Plays, and *one ſmall* piece on Love, "which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well known to the greateſt Stateſmen of all par-ties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to *Chriſt's No kingdom here.*
Who ſate the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt; the diſtant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring ſeals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 399. in the firſt Edit. it was,

Collins and Tindal, prompt at Prieſts to jeer.

REMARKS.

VER. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two perſons, not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the Religion of their Country. *Toland*, the Author of the Atheiſt's liturgy, called *Pantheiſticon*, was a ſpy, in pay to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Chriſtian Church*, and *Chriſtianity as old as the Creation.* He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S—, which was ſuppreſſed, while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhewed it expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, *mutatis mutandis*, againſt that very perſon.

VER. 400. *Chriſt's No kingdom &c.*] This is ſaid by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a ſermon of a reverend Biſhop.

VER. 405. *As what a Dutchman &c.*] It is a common and fooliſh miſtake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated paſſage is a ridicule of that paſſage. The reader therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own ſublime Similitude in the Eſſay on Man, Ep. iv.

As the ſmall pebble, &c.

but will any body therefore ſuſpect the one to be a ridicule of

What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt;
So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads.*
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 413. in the firſt Edit. it was,

T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
Nor *** talk'd nor S—— whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody: but when the image is transferred from one ſubject to another, and the ſubject is not a *poem burleſqued* (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will diſtinguiſh from a *burleſque poem*) there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for inſtance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt,

it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his armour, but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be ſaid to explain our Author's Parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or ſacred writers. W.

VER. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before

IMITATIONS.

VER. 410. *o'er all the ſea of heads.*]

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed. Blackm. Job.

Norton, from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung, 415
Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

REMARKS.

ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

VER. 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, *&c.*—William Law A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the Stage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that "The Play-"houſe is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar pleaſure of "the Devil; where all they who go, yield to the Devil; where "all the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and all who are "there are hearing Muſic in the very Porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much "difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaſter, "as between *two religious books*, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*." Then he demonſtrates, that "All thoſe who had written "againſt the Stage were *Jacobites* and *Non-jurors*; and did it "always at a time when ſomething was to be done for the "*Pretender*. Mr. Collier publiſhed his Short View when France "declared for the Chevalier; and his Diſſuaſive, juſt at the "*great ſtorm*, when the devaſtation which that hurricane "wrought, had amazed and aſtoniſhed the minds of men, and "made them obnoxious to melancholy and deſponding thoughts. "Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the "great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which "the *Jacobites* flatter'd themſelves were deſigned in their fa-"vour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious remonſtrance, though "I know nothing of the time of publiſhing it, yet I dare to lay "odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at So-"merſet-houſe, or upon the *late Rebellion*." DENNIS, Stage defended againſt Mr. Law, p. ult. The ſame Mr. Law is Author of a book, intitled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or diſbelieve the truth of the goſpel*; in which he has detailed a Syſtem of the rankeſt Spinoziſm, for the moſt exalted Theology; and amongſt other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Iſaac Newton ſtole the principles of his philoſophy from one *Jacob Behman*, a German cobler.

Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head;
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing, what bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumb'ring viſit, and convey to ſtews;
Who prouder march'd, with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink:

REMARKS.

VER. 414. *Morgan*] A writer againſt Religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompouſneſs of his Title; for having ſtolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philoſophy from Spinoza, he calls himſelf, by the courteſy of England, a *Moral Philoſopher*. W.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] This writer, who prided himſelf as much in the reputation of an *Immoral Philoſopher*, was author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees*; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the invention of knaves, and Chriſtian Virtue the impoſition of fools; and that Vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient to render Society flouriſhing and happy. W.

VER. 415. *Norton*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus.* One of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abuſed with his betters; and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

VER. 426. *And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink:*] This line preſents us with an excellent moral, that we are never

IMITATIONS.

VER. 418. *And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verſe in the Indian Emperor:

All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead.

While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

REMARKS.

to paſs judgment merely by *appearances*; a leſſon to all men, who may happen to ſee a reverend Perſon in the like ſituation, not to determine too raſhly: ſince not only the Poets frequently deſcribe a Bard inſpired in this poſture,

(*On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inſpir'd,*

and the like) but an eminent Caſuiſt tells us, that "if a Prieſt "be ſeen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a "deception of ſight, or illuſion of the Devil, who ſometimes "takes upon him the ſhape of holy men on purpoſe to cauſe "ſcandal." SCRIBL.

VER. 427. *Fleet*] A priſon for inſolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.

THE DUNCIAD:

BOOK the THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

After the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſes all the Viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhade; *where, on the banks of* Lethe, *the ſouls of the dull are dipped by* Bavius, *before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of* Settle, *and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a* Mount of Viſion, *from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped,*

and thoſe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the Iſland of Great Britain, *ſhews by what aids, by what perſons, and by what degrees it ſhall be brought to her Empire. Some of the perſons he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and unknown to the King himſelf, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject* Settle *breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of theſe. He propheſies how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with* Farces, Operas, *and* Shows; *how the throne of Dulneſs ſhall be advanced over the* Theatres, *and ſet up even at* Court: *then how her Sons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of* Arts *and* Sciences: *giving a glimpſe, or Piſgah-ſight of the future Fulneſs of her Glory, the accompliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the fourth and laſt book.*

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th'Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtains round with Vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the ſeat of Senſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reaſon know.
Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:

REMARKS.

VER. 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the preſent Age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Viſion, repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſs'd through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falſity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was miſtaken, may be ſeen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never ſeen.

BENTL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7, 8. *Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods, He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:*]

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio ——— Virg. Æn. viii.

F. Hayman inv.t & del. C. Grignion sculp.

A Slip-shod Sibyl led his Steps along,
In lofty Madness meditating Song.

Dunciad, Book III.

Hence the Fool's Paradiſe, the Stateſman's Scheme,
The air-built Caſtle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wiſh, the Chemiſt's flame,
And Poet's viſion of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The King deſcending, views th'Elyſian Shade.
A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;

REMARKS.

VER. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real *Madneſs*, as that which produces real *Dulneſs*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but on the leaſt application of *heat*, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Whereas *fire* in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its conſtituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered ſteel) for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, juſt as the Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of *Holineſs*. But if the cauſe of Madneſs aſſigned by a great Philoſopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object or idea*: Now as this attention is occaſioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulneſs; which hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ſeeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 15. *A ſlipſhod Sibyl &c.*]

Conclamat Vates ——
—— *furens antro ſe immiſit aperto.* Virg.

Her treſſes ſtaring from Poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, tho' now he ſings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,

REMARKS.

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from poſſum *to* poſſet,
I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Ale-houſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

VER. 21. *Benlowes,*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be ſeen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus:* to verify which, he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

VER. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy &c.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Here, in a duſky vale &c.*]

—— *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*
Secluſum nemus ——
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c. Virg. Æn. vi.

And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.

REMARKS.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius ſits,*] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſe as Bays by our author, though not in ſo chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *deteſted* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non* odit; whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great *Good Nature* and *Mercifulneſs* thro' the whole courſe of this Poem. SCRIBL.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconſiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in "Auguſtus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who "thought them much ſuperior to Virgil and Horace: For "(ſaith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal "brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more "than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem ſhould laſt, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

VER. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Bookſellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by Bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,*] Alluding to the ſtory of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

At pater Anchiſes penitus convalle virenti
Incluſas animas, ſuperumque ad lumen ituras,
Luſtrabat —— Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 28. *unbar the gates of Light,*] An Hemiſtic of Milton.

Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory. 34
Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,

REMARKS.

VER. 34. *Ward in Pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a ſatire, as a *great act of barbarity*, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reaſons thus upon it. Durgen. 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Chriſtian Charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuſe a *worthy man* in ſuch a ſituation? What could "move the Poet thus to mention a *brave ſufferer*, a *gallant* "*priſoner*, expoſed to the view of all mankind! It was laying "aſide his *Senſes*, it was committing a *Crime*, for which the "*Law* is *deficient* not to puniſh him! nay, a Crime which "*Man can ſcarce forgive*, or *Time efface!* Nothing ſurely "could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady, "*&c.*" (to whom this brave, honeſt, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verſe could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no *Eggs* were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet when he ſtood there.

VER. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *ſophiſticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are miſtaken

IMITATIONS.

VER. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the ſtars, &c.*]

Quam multa in ſilvis autumni frigore primo
Lapſa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c. Virg. Æn. vi.

Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:
All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.

REMARKS.

here: I believe I may ſay the ſame of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted have paſſed it in ſilence. I have alſo ſtumbled at it, and wondered how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons. I dare aſſert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head ran on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himſelf ſhould over look it! Yet that *Scholiaſt* takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for *perſonal Satire* on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtleſs he might take the *ear* to be a part;) ſo likewiſe Concannen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of Commentators.—*Tota armenta ſequuntur.*

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe Gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore us to the true ſenſe of the Poet, thus,

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIB.

VER. 37. *Settle*] Elkannah Settle was once a Writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, "and that in the Univerſity of Cambridge there were thoſe who "gave him the *preference*." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty rival* of Dry-"den; nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation *above* him," Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milborn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, "to defend himſelf againſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Vir. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions! and no wonder ſome authors indulge them.

He was author or publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of king Charles II. He anſwered all Dryden's political

Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages thro' old Monks ſhe rid;
And all who ſince, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.

REMARKS.

poems; and being cried up on *one ſide*, ſucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco (the firſt that was ever printed with Cuts.) "Upon this he grew inſolent, the "Wits writ againſt his Play, he replied, and the Town judged "he had the better. In ſhort, Settle was then thought a very "formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town "but the Univerſity of Cambridge was divided which to pre-"fer; and in both places the younger ſort inclined to Elka-"nah." DENNIS Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

VER. 50. *Might from Bœotian &c.*] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; tho' it produced one of the greateſt Poets and one of the greateſt Generals of Greece:

Bœotum craſſo jurares aere natum. Horat.

As man's Mæanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.
Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.

REMARKS.

VER. 67. *Aſcend this hill, &c.*] The ſcenes of this viſion are remarkable for the order of their appearance. Firſt, from ℣ 67

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

——*ſine tempora circum*
Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros. Virg. Ecl. viii.

VER. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to viſion true*
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:]

This has a reſemblance to that paſſage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel

To noble ſights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with Euphraſie and Rue
The viſual nerve—For he had much to ſee.

There is a general alluſion in what follows to that whole Epiſode.

See, round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 73. in the former Edd.

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the Introduction,

In eldeſt times, e'er Mortals writ or read,

which ſuppoſes the ſun and ſcience did not ſet out together, it was alter'd to *their bright courſe begun.* But this ſlip, as uſual, eſcaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad. W.

REMARKS.

to 73. thoſe places of the globe are ſhewn where Science *never* roſe; then from ℣ 74 to 83, thoſe where ſhe was deſtroyed by *Tyranny*; from ℣ 85 to 95, by inundations of *Barbarians*; from ℣ 96 to 106, by *Superſtition.* Then Rome, the Miſtreſs of Arts, deſcribed in her degeneracy; and laſtly Britain, the ſcene of the action of the poem; which furniſhes the occaſion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulneſs in review. W.

VER. 69. *See round the Poles, &c.*] Almoſt the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance.

VER. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eaſtern nations.

VER. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
Thence to the ſouth extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyſic of the Soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo! where Mæotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)

REMARKS.

VER. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Ægypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inſcription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Phyſic of the Soul.

VER. 96. (*The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore*)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are ſaid to have been invented. In theſe countries Mahomet began his conqueſts.

His conqu'ring tribes th'Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy ſabbath keep,
And all the weſtern world believe and ſleep.
Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring againſt heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th'Antipodes Vigilius mourn.

REMARKS.

VER. 102. *thund'ring againſt heathen lore*;] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Saliſbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the ſame time that he mentions one of the ſtrangeſt effects of this exceſs of zeal in him: *Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit eccleſiam; non modo Matheſin juſſit ab aula, ſed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis ſcriptâ, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combuſſiſſe gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior eſſet locus, & major authoritas, et diligentia ſtudioſior.* Deſiderius Archbiſhop of Vienna, was ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; becauſe (ſays this Pope) *In uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque ſit Epiſcopis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, ipſe conſidera.* He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have burned Livy; *Quia in ſuperſtitionibus et ſacris Romanorum perpetuo verſatur.* The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who came to Rome ſhould give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:
'Till Peter's keys ſome chriſt'ned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;
See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-wolſey brothers,
Grave Mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.

REMARKS.

VER. 109. *'Till Peter's keys ſome chriſtned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and ſome of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre eaſily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Eaſter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Eaſter never been!*]

Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent.
Virg. Ecl. vi.

A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.
Thee ſhall each alehouſe, thee each gill houſe mourn;
And anſw'ring gin-ſhops ſowrer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 149. in the firſt Edit. it was,

Woolſton, the ſcourge of ſcripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuſs of Law!

REMARKS.

VER. 149. *Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] "This *Gentleman* is ſon of a *conſiderable Malſter* of Romſey in "Southamptonſhire, and bred to the Law under a *very eminent* "*Attorney*: Who, between his *more laborious* ſtudies, has *di-*"*verted* himſelf with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets

IMITATIONS.

VER. 145. *From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,*]

——*ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris! —— Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 147. *Thee ſhall each ale-houſe &c.*]

Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus. Virg. Æn. viii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ, &c.

VER. 150. Virg. Æn. vi. —— *duo fulmina belli*
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

" and their works, which has occaſion'd him to try his genius " that way.—He has writ in proſe the *Lives* of the *Poets*, *Eſ-* " *ſays*, and a great many Law-Books, *The Accompliſh'd Con-* " *veyancer*, *Modern Juſtice*, *&c.*" GILES JACOB of himſelf, *Lives of Poets*, vol. 1. He very groſly, and unprovok'd, abuſed in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. *Gay*.

VER. 149, 150.

Jacob, *the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;*
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.]

There may ſeem ſome error in theſe verſes, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a *Reſpect* for him, by this undeniable argument. " He had once a *Regard* for my *Judgment*; other- " wiſe he would never have ſubſcribed *Two Guineas* to me, for " one ſmall Book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I ſhould think the appellation of *Blunderbuſs* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. " My writings having " made great impreſſion on the minds of all ſenſible men, Mr. " P. *repented*, and to *give proof of his Repentance*, ſubſcribed to " my two volumes of ſelect Works, and afterward to my two " Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch Authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity.

VER. 152. *Horneck and Roome*] Theſe two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in *Honour* and *Employment*. The firſt was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingſgate paper

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each Songſter, Riddler, ev'ry nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 157. *Each Songſter, Riddler, &c.*] In the former Edd.
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameleſs name.

After ℣ 158. in the firſt Edit. followed,

How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

call'd The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleet-ſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers call'd Paſquin, where by malicious Innuendos he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?
"You wonder at it.—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face.

P—le was the author of ſome vile Plays and Pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

VER. 153. *Goode,*] An ill-natur'd Critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æſop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

VER. 156. *Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:*] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the Annuals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the Poet ſlurs them over with others in general.

Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!
Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.

REMARKS.

VER. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a Poem: This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *Engliſh* Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being adviſed to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled and replied, "*Shake-ſpear* writ without rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

VER. 168. *Morris*,] *Beſaleel*, See Book ii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *And makes Night hideous*]

—— *Viſit thus the glimpſes of the moon,*
Making Night hideous —— Shakeſp.

Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer,
Tho' ſtale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

REMARKS.

VER. 169. *Flow*, Welſted, &c.] Of this Author ſee the Remark on Book ii. ℣ 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welſted* had, in his youth, raiſed ſo great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of ſtruggle* between the moſt eminent in the two Univerſities, which ſhould have the *honour* of his education. To *compound* this, he *(civilly)* became a member of both, and after having paſſed ſome time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of *all* the polite Writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledged in his occaſional poems, in a manner that *will make no ſmall part of the Fame* of his protectors. It alſo appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age—Encouraged by ſuch a *Combination* in his favour, he—publiſhed a book of poems, ſome in the *Ovidian*, ſome in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the moſt exquiſite Judges pronounce he even *rival'd his maſters*—His Love verſes have reſcued that way of writing from contempt—In his Tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Ode—his Epiſtle—his Verſes—his Love tale—all, are the *moſt perfect things in all poetry*. WELSTED of *Himſelf, Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728. *pag.* 23, 24. It ſhould not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 169. *Flow, Welſted, flow! &c.*] Parody on *Denham, Cooper's Hill.*

O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage?
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

REMARKS.

ſum of 500 pounds for ſecret ſervice, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymouſly for the Miniſtry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

VER. 173. *Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!*] Theſe Men became the public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (juſt as Ariſtotle and Longinus did of theirs) and diſcourſe upon the beauties and defects of compoſition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The Body's harmony, the beaming ſoul.

Whereas had they followed the Example of thoſe *microſcopes of wit*, Kuſter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticiſm on the learned languages, their acuteneſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name equal to the moſt famous of the Scholiaſts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apoſtacy of the *Prebendary of Rocheſter*, who beginning in ſo good a train, has now turned ſhort to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE, DREAMS upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſpirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belabour'd *Obſervations*. SCRIBL.

Here, Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all honour and good faith. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. ARIST.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!*] Virg. Æn. vi.

—— *Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella,*
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce—ſanguis meus! ——

Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180

REMARKS.

VER. 173. *Ah Dennis, &c.*] The reader, who has ſeen thro' the courſe of theſe notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be mention'd but twice, and ſo ſlightly touch'd, in this poem. But in truth he look'd upon him with ſome eſteem, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) *ſet his Name* to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was ſenior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longeſt bodily life.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, &c.*] One of theſe was Author of a weekly paper call'd *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another call'd *Paſquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abuſed with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope's*, had their united laudable endeavours diſcourag'd him from purſuing his ſtudies. How few good works had ever appear'd (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;*] Virg. Æn. vi.

Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ ———

And in the fifth,

Euryalus, forma inſignis viridique juventa,
Niſus amore pio pueri,

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.

REMARKS.

champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the ſerpents ſhould ſtrangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle? C.

The union of theſe two authors gave occaſion to this Epigram,

" —— and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
" Came hiſſing out in verſe;
" Both were ſo forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hung an A—.
" Thus Amphiſbœna (I have read,)
" At either end aſſails;
" None knows which leads or which is led,
" For both Heads are but Tails.

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe injury to him was of ſo old a date. In the verſes he omitted, it was ſaid that one of them had a *pious paſſion* for the other. It was a literal tranſlation of *Virgil*, *Niſus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendſhip: That between *Niſus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the moſt amiable Epiſodes in the world, and ſurely was never interpreted in a perverſe ſenſe. But it will aſtoniſh the reader to hear, that, on no other occaſion than this line, a Dedication was written to that Gentleman to induce him to think ſomething further. " Sir, you are known " to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the crea- " tion which God and Nature deſign'd.—Sir, you have a very " fine Lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children,"—*&c.* [*Dedic. to* Dennis *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turn'd upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever ſince ſome books were written againſt the *Stage*, and ſince the *Italian Opera* had prevail'd, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be

" But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchment ſcraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

nam'd: He went ſo far as to print upon the ſubject, and concludes his argument with this remark, " That he cannot help " thinking the Obſcenity of Plays excuſable at this juncture; " ſince, when that execrable ſin is ſpread ſo wide, it may be " of uſe to the reducing mens minds to the natural deſire of " of women." DENNIS, *Stage defended* againſt Mr. *Law*, p. 20. Our author ſolemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

VER. 184. *That ſhines a* Conſul, *this* Commiſſioner.] Such places were given at this time to ſuch ſort of Writers.

VER. 187. *arede*] *Read*, or *peruſe*; though ſometimes uſed for *counſel*. " READE THY READ, *take thy Counſaile*. Tho- " mas Sternhold, in his tranſlation of the firſt Pſalm into Eng- " liſh metre, hath *wiſely* made uſe of this word,

The man is bleſt that hath not bent
To wicked READ *his ear.*

" But in the laſt ſpurious editions of the ſinging Pſalms the word " READ is changed into *men*. I ſay *ſpurious* editions, becauſe " not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Pſalms, " are *ſtrange alterations*, all for the worſe; and yet the Title- " page ſtands as it uſed to do! and all (which is *abominable* in " in any book, much more in a ſacred work) is aſcribed to " Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confi- " dent, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living they would " proceed againſt the innovators as cheats.—A liberty, which,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. Æn. vi. queſtions and anſwers in this manner, of *Numa*:

Quis procul ille autem ramis inſignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens?—noſco crines, incanaque menta, &c.

To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt! 190

REMARKS.

" to ſay no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no " means to be permitted or approved of by ſuch as are for *Uni-* " *formity*, and have any regard for the *old* Engliſh Saxon " tongue" HEARNE, Gloſſ. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object, that ſuch words are become *unintelligible*; ſince they are *truly Engliſh*, men ought to underſtand them; and ſuch as are for *Uniformity* ſhould think all alterations in a language, *ſtrange*, *abominable*, and *unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I ſay, again, hath our Poet uſed ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. SCRIB.

Ibid. *myſter wight*,] Uncouth mortal.

VER. 188. Wormius *hight*.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much leſs (as it was unwarrantably foiſted into the ſurreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary publiſhed many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment peruſed.

Moſt rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in ſpeaking of ſuch who ſo greatly delight in the ſame. We may ſay not only rightly, but *wiſely*, yea *excellently*, inaſmuch as for the like practice the like praiſe is given by Mr. Hearne himſelf Gloſſar. to Rob. of Gloceſter, Artic. BEHETT; "Others ſay BEHIGHT, " *promiſed*, and ſo it is uſed *excellently well* by Thomas Nor- " ton, in his tranſlation into Metre of the cxvith Pſalm, ℣ 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT,

" Where the modern innovators, not underſtanding the pro- " priety of the word (which is *truly Engliſh*, from the Saxon) " have moſt *unwarrantably* altered it thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows
With joy and great delight.

VER. 188. *hight*.] "In Cumberland they ſay to *hight*, for to " *promiſe*, or *vow*; but HIGHT, uſually ſignifies *was called*; " and ſo it does in the North even to this day, notwithſtand- " ing what is done in Cumberland." Hearne, ibid.

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiaſts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, ſee only in the dark,
A Lumberhouſe of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hiſt'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow,
Diſhoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt Edit. it was,

And proud philoſophy with breeches tore,
And Engliſh muſic with a diſmal ſcore.
Faſt by in darkneſs palpable inſhrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

VER. 192. *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] Theſe few lines exactly deſcribe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleaſed; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty.* Some body ſaid well of theſe men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order.*

VER. 199. *lo! Henley ſtands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon all other ſciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaimed ſome years againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our Author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Tranſactions, N. 1. publiſhed by Henley himſelf, gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton-"Mowbray in Leiceſterſhire. From his own Pariſh ſchool he

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!

REMARKS.

" went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there " to be uneaſy; for it *ſhock'd* him to find he was *commanded to* " *believe* againſt his own judgment in points of Religion, Phi- " loſophy, *&c.* for his genius leading him freely to *diſpute all* " *propoſitions*, and *call all points to account*, he was impatient un- " der thoſe fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to " Prieſt's orders, he found the examination very ſhort and ſu- " perficial, and that it was not *neceſſary to conform to the Chri-* " *ſtian religion*, in order either to *Deaconſhip*, or *Prieſthood*." He came to town, and, after having for ſome years been a writer for Bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Miniſters of ſtate. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told, " was the envy of others, and a diſreliſh entertained of " him, becauſe *he was not qualified to be a compleat Spaniel*." However, he offered the ſervice of his pen to two great men, of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtyled himſelf the *Reſtorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought " it as lawful to take " a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as an- " other; at Hickes's-hall, as at Doctors commons; ſo ſet up " his Oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (ſays " his friend) he had the *aſſurance* to form a plan, which no " mortal ever thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt all oppoſi- " tion; challenged his adverſaries to fair diſputations, and *none* " *would diſpute* with him; writ, read, and ſtudied twelve hours " a day; compoſed three diſſertations a week on all ſubjects; " undertook to teach in *one year* what ſchools and Univerſities " teach in *five*; was not terrified by menaces, inſults, or ſa- " tires, but ſtill proceeded, matured his bold ſcheme, and put " the *Church*, and *all that* in *danger*." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. N. 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonry upon all publick and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Euchariſt*.—This wonderful perſon ſtruck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his ſubſcribers: The device, a Star riſing to the

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon preach in vain.
Oh great Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.

Yet oh, my ſons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the ears you lend)

REMARKS.

meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp-Doctor.

VER. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,*] Biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

VER. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, ſee Book ii. *Tho. Woolſton* was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the Miracles of the Goſpel, in the years 1726, *&c.*

VER. 213. *Yet oh, my ſons! &c.*] The caution againſt Blaſphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs in the fourth book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the Source of Light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the pureſt emanations from it. W.

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One diſpenſe,
The ſource of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe.
Content, each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to ſcorn your God."

REMARKS.

VER. 215. *'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,*
A NEWTON'S *genius, or a Milton's flame.*]

Thankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracious licence by the beloved diſciple of that Prince of Cabaliſtic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinſon. Hear with what honeſt plainneſs he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonſtration (ſaith he) founded upon the Proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, theſe have no more to do with the greateſt part of philoſophy, than they have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed, the Zeal for this ſort of Gibberiſh [*mathematical Principles*] is greatly abated of late, and though it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern Philoſophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the Ark of God, *Scripture philoſophy*; for ſo long MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have been publiſhed; and the Treatiſe of Power *eſſential and mechanical*, in which Sir Iſaac Newton's Philoſophy is treated with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, has been publiſhed a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole Society who hath had the COURAGE to attempt to raiſe him up. And ſo let him lye."—*The Philoſophical principles of Moſes aſſerted, &c.* p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. *Chaplain*

Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half thro' the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulneſs and her ſons admire?
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-bluſhing head he turn'd aſide,
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman propheſy'd)

REMARKS.

to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. Lond. 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

VER. 224. *But,* "*Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God.*"] The hardeſt leſſon a *Dunce* can learn. For being bred to *ſcorn* what he does not underſtand, that which he underſtands leaſt he will be apt to *ſcorn* moſt. Of which, to the diſgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herſelf, we have had a late example in a book intitled, *Philoſophical Eſſays concerning human Underſtanding.*

VER. 224. "*not to ſcorn your God*"] See this ſubject purſued in Book iv.

VER. 232. (*Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman propheſy'd*)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearſal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the ſhoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d. — And (ſays Mr. Cibber) I make it a queſtion, whether Alexander himſelf, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their firſt victorious armies, could feel a greater tranſport in their boſoms than I did in mine."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. — *Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God.*]
Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, & non temnere divos. Virg.

And look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorc'rer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, Heav'n deſcends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jigg, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;

REMARKS.

VER. 233. *a ſable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſubject of a ſet of Farces, which laſted in vogue two or three ſeaſons, in which both Playhouſes ſtrove to outdo each other for ſome years. All the extravagancies in the ſixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

VER. 237. *Hell riſes, Heav'n deſcends, and dance on Earth:*] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 244. *And other planets*]

—— *ſolemque* ſuum, ſua *ſidera norunt* — Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 246. *Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;*]

Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. Hor.

And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt Egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r theſe wonders wrought?
Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! Look, and find
Each Monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! his nod theſe worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:
Yon ſtars, yon ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire.

REMARKS.

VER. 248. *Lo! one vaſt Egg*] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the ſtage, out of a large Egg.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251. *Son? what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee:*]

Quod petis in te eſt ——
—— *Ne te quæſiveris extra.* Perſ.

VER. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, &c.*] Like Salmoneus in Æn. vi.

Dum flammas Jovis, & ſonitus imitatur Olympi.
—— *nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,*
Ære & cornipedum curſu ſimularat equorum.

Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe
'Mid ſhows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
And proud his Miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!

REMARKS.

VER. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, Maſter of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the firſt that excelled this way.

VER. 266. *I ſee my Cibber there!*] The hiſtory of the foregoing abſurdities is verified by himſelf, in theſe words (Life, chap. xv.) "Then ſprung forth that ſucceſſion of monſtrous "medleys that have ſo long infeſted the ſtage, which aroſe up-"on one another alternately at both houſes, out-vying each "other in expence." He then proceeds to excuſe his own part in them, as follows: "If I am aſked why I aſſented? "I have no better excuſe for my error than to confeſs I did it "againſt my conſcience, and had not virtue enough to ſtarve. "Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Reli-"gion? I was ſtill in my heart, as much as he could be, on "the ſide of Truth and Senſe; but with this difference, that I "had their leave to quit them when they could not ſupport me. "—But let the queſtion go which way it will, Harry IVth has "*always been allowed a great man.*" This muſt be confeſs'd a full anſwer, only the queſtion ſtill ſeems to be, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's conſcience is an excuſe for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Senſe to quit their ſervice, unleſs he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 258.—*o'er all unclaſſic ground:*] Alludes to Mr. Addiſon's verſe, in the praiſes of Italy:

Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground.

As ℣ 264. is a parody on a noble one of the ſame author in The Campaign; and ℣ 259, 260. on two ſublime verſes of Dr. Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the dinn,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raiſe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.

And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? Theſe wonders are thy own.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 274. in the former Edd. followed,

For works like theſe let deathleſs Journals tell
"None but thyſelf can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyſelf can be thy parellel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald*; unleſs the Play call'd the *Double Falſhood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakeſpear*'s: But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakeſpear* to have written as bad, (which, methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almoſt *riſing to idolatry*, might have been concealed) as for example,

Try what *Repentance* can: what can it not?
But what can it, when one cannot *repent?*
—— For *Cogitation*
Reſides not in the man who does not *think*, &c.
MIST'S JOURN.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate *Shakeſpear*.

Var. id. The former Annotator ſeeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falſhood* is not *Shakeſpear's*; it is but juſtice to give Mr. *Theobald*'s Arguments to the contrary: Firſt, that the MS. was above ſixty years old: Secondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard ſo: Thirdly, that ſome-body told him the author gave it to a baſtard-daughter of his: but Fourthly, and above all, "That he has a *great mind* every thing that is "good in our tongue *ſhould be* Shakeſpeare's" I allow theſe

Theſe Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreſeen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

VARIATIONS.

reaſons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concern'd at is, that ſo many Errors have eſcaped the learned Editor: a few whereof we ſhall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an inſtance of our regard to this *dear relick*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *July*, *good Camillo*'s ſon
(Who as he ſays, [ ] ſhall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [ ] expect)
He doth ſollicit the return of gold,
To purchaſe certain horſe that *like him well*.

This place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a meer inſignificant expletive, but the alteration of that ſingle word reſtores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo*'s ſon,
Who, as he *ſaith*, ſhall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth ſollicit the return of gold.

Here you have not only the *Perſon* ſpecified, by whoſe hands the return was to be made, but the moſt neceſſary part, the *Time* by which it was required. *Camillo's* ſon was to follow hard upon—What? Why upon *July*—*Horſe* that *like him well*, is very abſurd: Read it, without contradiction,

—— Horſe, that *he likes well*.

ACT I. at the End.

—— I muſt ſtoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *Compariſons* aſide,
And turn my proud additions out of ſervice:

ſaith *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality: What have his *Compariſons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Capariſons* aſide,
And turn my proud additions out of ſervice.

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;

VARIATIONS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verſe of this Scene is confounded with proſe:

—— O that a man
Could reaſon down this *Feaver* of the blood,
Or ſooth with *words* the tumult in his heart!
Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend.

Read — this *fervor* of the blood,
Then *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend.

marking the juſt oppoſition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes *ſhake* fire! — ſaid by *Violante*, obſerving how the luſtful ſhepherd looks at her. It muſt be, as the ſenſe plainly demands,

—— How his eyes *take* fire!
And meaſure every piece of youth about me!

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore diſguiſes* for ſome *ends*.

She had but one diſguiſe, and wore it but for one end. Reſtore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were diſguiſed* for ſome *end*.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

— To oaths no more give credit,
To tears, to vows; falſe *both!* —

Falſe Grammar I'm ſure. *Both* can relate but to *two* things: and ſee! how eaſy a change ſets it right?

To tears, to vows, falſe *troth* —

I could ſhew you that very word *Troth*, in *Shakeſpear*, a hundred times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*.

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itſelf can be its parallel*: for the grave *puts an end* to all ſorrow, it can then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakeſpear* where we can: I make no doubt he wrote thus,

Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praiſe,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'ſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!

VARIATIONS.

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word gives a much ſtronger emphaſis to *Violante's* concern. This figure is call'd *Anadyploſis*. I could ſhew you a hundred juſt ſuch in him, if I had nothing elſe to do. SCRIBL.

After ℣ 284. in the former Edd. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.

REMARKS.

VER. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

VER. 268. *On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.*] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. ſolemnly declares this not to be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will underſtand it *allegorically* only.

VER. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my Party*] Settle, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popiſh ſucceſſor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other ſide. He had

Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome Dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs, ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And ev'ry year be duller than the laſt.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 295. *Safe in its heavineſs &c.*] in the former Edd.

Too ſafe in inborn heavineſs to ſtray;
And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thy Dragons, Magiſtrates, and Peers ſhall taſt,
And from each ſhew riſe duller than the laſt.
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680. then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

VER. 297. *Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,*] It ſtood in the firſt edition with blanks, * * *and* * *. Concanen was ſure "they muſt needs mean no body but *King GEORGE* "and *Queen CAROLINE*; and ſaid he would inſiſt it was ſo, "till the poet cleared himſelf by filling up the blanks other-"wiſe, agreeably to the context, and conſiſtent with his *alle-*

'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway:
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warb'ling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heav'n thou can'ſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.

REMARKS.

" *giance.*" Pref. to a Collection of verſes, eſſays, letters, *&c.* againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

VER. 305. *Polypheme*] He tranſlated the Italian Opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately loſt the whole jeſt of the ſtory. The Cyclops aſks Ulyſſes his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noman*: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire *who has hurt him?* he anſwers *Noman*; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Tranſlator made Ulyſſes anſwer, *I take no name*, whereby all that follow'd became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himſelf on ſubſcribing to the Engliſh Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with reſpect to the Odyſſey, or he might have been better inſtructed in the Greek *Pun-nology*.

VER. 308, 309, *Fauſtus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miſerable Farces, which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the beſt Tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.

REMARKS.

VER. 312. *enſure it but from Fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of Proſerpine, a corn-field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other play-houſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rival'd each other in ſhowing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

VER. 313. *Another Æſchylus appears!*] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

VER. 315. *like Semele's,*] See Ovid. Met. iii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Auguſtus, &c.*]

Hic vir, hic eſt! tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis,
Auguſtus Cæſar, divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam —— Virg. Æn. vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned book i. ℣ 26.

See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is prefer'd for Wit!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 323. *See, ſee, our own &c.*] in the former Edd.

Beneath his reign, ſhall Euſden wear the bays,
Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benſon ſole Judge of Architecture ſit,
And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!
I ſee th' unfiniſh'd Dormitory wall,
I ſee the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, tranſlating three whole years with Broome,
Proceed great days, &c.

REMARKS.

VER. 325. *On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ*;] W—m Benſon (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majeſty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their Houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

VER. 326. *Ambroſe Philips*] "He was (ſaith Mr. JACOB,) "one of the wits at Button's, and a juſtice of the peace;" But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a

See under Ripley riſe a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends,

REMARKS.

much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. "Indeed he confeſſes, he "dares not ſet him *quite on the ſame foot with Virgil*, leſt it "ſhould *ſeem* flattery; but he is much miſtaken if poſterity "does not afford him a *greater eſteem* than he *at preſent en-* "*joys*." He endeavour'd to create ſome miſunderſtanding between our author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a party-paper call'd the *Examiner*: A falſhood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

VER. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:*] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-houſe of White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet-houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been juſt then reſtor'd and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

VER. 330. *Gay dies unpenſion'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables; and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of a ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: That verſe of Horace

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 331. in the former Editions thus,

——O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, tranſlating ten whole years with Bloome.

On which was the following Note, "He concludes his irony "with a ſtroke upon himſelf: for whoever imagines this a ſar- "caſm on the other ingenious perſon, is ſurely miſtaken. The "opinion our Author had of him was ſufficiently ſhewn by his "joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyſſey*; in which "Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agree- "ment, diſcharged his part ſo much to Mr. Pope's ſatisfaction, "that he gratified him with the full ſum of *Five hundred pounds*, "and a preſent of all thoſe books for which his own intereſt "could procure him ſubſcribers, to the value of *One hundred* "*more*. The author only ſeems to lament, that he was employ- "ed in Tranſlation at all."

REMARKS.

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupt- ed; and renew'd the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together: It was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The per- ſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the ſhore,
'Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
'Till Thames ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play,
'Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday,

REMARKS.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the Year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.*

VER. 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;*] See Book i. ver. 26.

VER. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was ſo long employed in tranſlating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719. The Edition of Shakeſpear (which he undertook merely becauſe no body elſe would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the Tranſlation of half the Odyſſey employed him from that time to 1725.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days! &c.*] It may perhaps ſeem incredible, that ſo great a Revolution in Learning as is here propheſied, ſhould be brought about by ſuch *weak Inſtruments* as have been [hitherto] deſcribed in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe Inſtruments. Remember what the Dutch ſtories ſomewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a ſmall opening made in one of their dykes by a ſingle *Water-Rat.*

However, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the Regularity of our Univerſities, the Diſcernment of our Great men, the Accompliſhments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers in all kinds (notwithſtanding ſome few exceptions in

'Till Iſis' Elders reel, their pupils ſport,
And Alma mater lie diſſolv'd in Port?
Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Viſion flies.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 338. in the firſt Edit. were the following lines,

Then when theſe ſigns declare the mighty year,
When the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkneſs! (the dread Pow'r ſhall ſay)
All ſhall be darkneſs, as it ne'er were day;
To their firſt Chaos Wit's vain works ſhall fall,
And univerſal darkneſs cover all.

REMARKS.

each) may plainly be ſeen from his concluſion; where cauſing all this viſion to paſs through the Ivory Gate, he expreſsly, in the language of Poeſy, declares all ſuch imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Proceed great days! &c. 'Till Birch ſhall bluſh &c.*] Another great prophet of Dulneſs, on this ſide Styx, promiſeth thoſe days to be near at hand. *The Devil* (ſaith he) *licenſed Biſhops to licence Maſters of Schools to inſtruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen Gods, their religion, &c. The Schools and Univerſities will ſoon be tired and aſhamed of Claſſics and ſuch trumpery.* HUTCHINSON'S *Uſe of Reaſon recovered.* SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, &c.*]

Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes. Virg. Æn. vi.

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

then admitted to taſte the Cup of the Magus *her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends* Prieſts, Attendants, *and* Comforters, *of various kinds; confers on them* Orders *and* Degrees; *and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his* Privileges, *and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a* Yawn *of extraordinary virtue: The Progreſs and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Conſummation of all, in the Reſtoration of* Night *and* Chaos, *conclude the Poem.*

F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion Sculp.

Then blessing all, Go Children of my Care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.—
All my Commands are easy, short and full,
My Sons be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Dunciad, Book IV.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whoſe Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This Book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not ſo indeed in Size, but in Subject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Leſſer Iliad*. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this Work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itſelf was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. BENT. P. W.

VER. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulneſs*) his high reſpect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark ſoever: Next declareth his paſſion for explaining Myſteries; and laſty his Impatience to be *re-united* to her. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem. P. W.

VER. 4. *half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never expreſs himſelf otherwiſe than by *halves*, or imperfectly. SCRIBL. P. W.

I underſtand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*; there were in it *Myſteries* or ἀπόῤῥητα which he durſt not fully reveal, and doubtleſs in divers verſes (according to *Milton*)

——*more is meant than meets the ear.* BENT. P. W.

Suſpend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:

REMARKS.

VER. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and ſoftly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place.) For ſure in ſpite of his unuſual modeſty, he ſhall not travel ſo faſt toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of thoſe who have the moſt boldly promiſed to themſelves Immortality, *viz. Pindar*, *Luis Gongora*, *Ronſard*, *Oldham*, Lyrics; *Lycophron*, *Statius*, *Chapman*, *Blackmore*, Heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkneſs. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to ſuffer our Poet thus prodigally to caſt away his Life; contrariwiſe, the more hidden and abſtruſe is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Underſtanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the fame, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein ſhall we imitate the laudable Spirit of thoſe, who have (for this very reaſon) delighted to comment on *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, and even on their *darker* Fragments; preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and choſen to turn the dark Lanthorn of LYCOPHRON, rather than to trim the everlaſting Lamp of *Homer*. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 7. *Force inertly ſtrong,*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiæ of Matter*, which, tho' it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that ſluggiſh Subſtance. P. W.

VER. 11, 12. *Sick was the Sun,—The moon-ſtruck Prophet*] The Poet introduceth this (as all great events are ſuppoſed by ſage Hiſtorians to be preceded) by an *Eclipſe of the Sun*; but with a peculiar propriety, as the Sun is the *Emblem* of that intellectual light which dies before the face of Dulneſs. Very appoſite likewiſe is it to make this *Eclipſe*, which is occaſioned by

Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.
She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,

REMARKS.

the *Moon's predominancy*, the very time when *Dulneſs* and *Madneſs* are in *Conjunction*; whoſe relation and influence on each other the poet hath ſhewn in many places, Book i. ℣ 29. Book iii. ℣ 5. *& ſeq.* W.

VER. 14. *To blot out* Order, *and extinguiſh* Light,] The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as Civil and Moral; the diſtinctions between high and low in Society, and true and falſe in Individuals: *Light*, as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts. P. W.

VER. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science; *venal* to the deſtruction of Order, or the Truth of Things. P. W.

Ibid. *a new World*] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Diſſolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one ſhould ariſe; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles. P. W.

VER. 16. Lead *and* Gold.] *i. e.* dull and venal. P. W.

VER. 18. *all below reveal'd*,] It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Divinities manifeſted themſelves to Men by their *Back-parts*. Virg. Æn. i. *et* avertens, *roſea cervice refulſit*. But this paſſage may admit of another expoſition.—Vet. Adag. **The higher you climb, the more you ſhew your A——** Verified in no inſtance more than in Dulneſs aſpiring. Emblematized alſo by an Ape climbing and expoſing his poſteriors. SCRIBL. P. W.

('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines.

REMARKS.

VER. 26. *her Laureat ſon reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a Collegue as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the Throne, and have very little ſhare in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having paſt through the ſecond book without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him; and thro' the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many *King-conforts* have done the like. SCRIBL. P. W.

This verſe our excellent Laureat took ſo to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as *ſeldom aſleep as any* "*fool?*" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he ſays "*the Reader will be as much pleaſed to* "*find me a* Dunce *in my* Old Age, *as he was to prove me a* "briſk blockhead *in my* Youth." Wherever there was any room for Briſkneſs, or Alacrity of any ſort, *even in ſinking*, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his Hiſtorian to be ſilent. It is from their *actions* only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their *works*: And if in *thoſe* he be *as much aſleep as any fool*, the Poet muſt leave him and them to *ſleep to all eternity*. BENT. P.

Ibid. *her Laureat*] "When I find my Name in the ſatirical "works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant "to me, but PROFIT to himſelf. For he conſiders that *my* "*Face* is more *known* than moſt in the nation; and there- "fore *a Lick at the Laureate* will be a ſure bait *ad captandum* "*vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crowned it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable *Lick at the Laureate?* BENT. P. W.

Beneath her foot-ſtool, *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
There, ſtript, fair *Rhet'ric* languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by *Sophiſtry* are born,
And ſhameleſs *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Caſuiſtry* in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.

REMARKS.

VER. 21, 22. *Beneath her foot-ſtool, &c.*] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depreſſed and confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, puniſhed, or driven away: *Dulneſs* being often reconciled in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen that ſhe admits ſomething *like* each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſtry, *&c.* but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone ſupplying its place. P. W.

VER. 27. *by her falſe Guardians drawn,*] *Morality* is the Daughter of *Aſtræa*. This alludes to the Mythology of the ancient Poets; who tell us that in the *Gold* and *Silver* ages, or in the *State of Nature*, the Gods cohabited with Men here on Earth; but when by reaſon of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourſe to a *Magiſtrate*, and that the Ages of *Braſs* and *Iron* came on (that is, when Laws were wrote on brazen tablets inforced by the Sword of Juſtice) the Celeſtials ſoon retired from Earth, and Aſtræa laſt of all; and then it was ſhe left this her Orphan Daughter in the hands of the *Guardians* aforeſaid. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 30. *gives her* Page *the word.*] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was ſuffered to give a hundred miſerable examples

Mad *Mátheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic ſtare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muſes* lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.

REMARKS.

during a long life, even to his dotage.—Tho' the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State Criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of *our Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 31. *Mad* Mátheſis] Alluding to the ſtrange Concluſions ſome Mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, *&c.* P. W.

VER. 33. *pure Space*] i. e. pure and defæcated from Matter.—*extatic Stare*, the action of men who look about with full aſſurance of ſeeing what does not exiſt, ſuch as thoſe who expect to find *Space* a real being. W.

VER. 34. *running round the* Circle, *finds it ſquare.*] Regards the wild and fruitleſs attempts of *ſquaring the Circle.* P. W.

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by* Envy's *and by* Flatt'ry's *eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Act* for ſubjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licenſer*, being the falſe repreſentations to which they were expos'd, from ſuch as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatneſs, by perverting general Reflections againſt Vice into Libels on particular Perſons. P. W.

There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her Siſter Satire held her head:
Nor cou'd'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.

REMARKS.

VER. 39. *But ſober* Hiſtory] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, How came *Hiſtory* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays *Scriblerus*, which we thus reſolve: *Hiſtory* was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced, when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem) from above, for this very purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to her laſt breath. W.

VER. 43. *Nor cou'd'ſt thou, &c.*] This Noble Perſon in the year 1737, when the Act aforeſaid was brought into the Houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. *Cibber*) "with a lively ſpirit, and uncommon eloquence." This ſpeech had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them: but I muſt defer it on account of ſome

When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide:
By ſinging Peers up-held on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand;
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.
O *Cara! Cara!* ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:

REMARKS.

differences not yet adjuſted between the noble Author and myſelf, concerning the *True Reading* of certain paſſages.
BENT. P. W.

VER. 45. *When lo! a Harlot form*] The Attitude given to this Phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the *Italian* Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of the Nobility. This circumſtance that OPERA ſhould prepare for the opening of the grand Seſſions, was propheſied of in Book iii. ℣ 304.

Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway. P. W.

VER. 54. *let Diviſion reign:*] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in Muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Senſe, and applies to the Paſſions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]
Joy to great Cæſar—The beginning of a famous old Song.

Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One Trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum, or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon, Rebellion will commence,
If Muſic meanly borrows aid from Senſe:

REMARKS.

Hands, and more variety of Inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which prov'd ſo much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſic into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of Compoſers, to practiſe the patch-work above-mentioned. P. W.

VER. 55. *Chromatic tortures*] That ſpecies of the ancient muſic called the *Chromatic* was a variation and embelliſhment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They ſay it was invented about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* forbad the uſe of it, as languid and effeminate. W.

VER. 58. *Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage*;] i. e. Diſſipate the *devotion* of the one by light and wanton airs; and ſubdue the *Pathos* of the other by recitative and ſing-ſong. W.

VER. 59. *Thy own* Phœbus *reigns*,]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo. Virg.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princeſs *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulneſs, and an aſſiſtant to Opera. Of whom ſee *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation. SCRIBL. P. W.

Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouze, to ſhake the Soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arreſt him, Empreſs; or you ſleep no more —
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore.

And now had Fame's poſterior Trumpet blown,
And all the Nations ſummon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.

REMARKS.

VER. 71. *Fame's poſterior Trumpet*] *Poſterior*, viz. her *ſecond* or *more certain* Report; unleſs we imagine this word *poſterior* to relate to the poſition of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras:*

She blows not both with the ſame Wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame. P. W.

VER. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway, &c.*] In this new world of Dulneſs each of theſe three claſſes hath its appointed ſtation, as beſt ſuits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the Syſtem. The *firſt*, drawn only by the ſtrong and *ſimple impulſe of Attraction*, are repreſented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her ſubſtance, and reſting in her centre,

—— all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.

The *ſecond*, tho' within the ſphere of her *attraction*, yet having at the ſame time a *projectile* motion, they are carried, by the compoſition of theſe two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, ſome nearer to it, ſome further off:

None need a guide, by ſure Attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of Head:
None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen.

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.

REMARKS.

Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no conſtant members of her ſtate or ſyſtem: ſometimes at an immenſe diſtance from her influence, and ſometimes again almoſt on the ſurface of her *broad effulgence*. Their uſe in their Perihelion, or neareſt approach to Dulneſs, is the ſame in the moral World, as that of *Comets* in the natural, namely to refreſh and recreate the dryneſs and decays of the ſyſtem; in the manner marked out from ℣ 91 to 98. W.

VER. 75. *None need a* guide,—*None want a* place,] The ſons of Dulneſs want no inſtructors in ſtudy, nor guides in life: They are their own maſters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and Introducers into all places. P. W.

VER. 76 to 101.] It ought to be obſerved that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are imaged in the ſimile of the Bees about their Queen. The ſecond involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence; from ℣ 81 to 90. The third of ſuch, as tho' not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcriblers, diſcou-

Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

REMARKS.

raging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and Men of taſte in arts they underſtand not; from ℣ 91 to 101. P. W.

VER. 86. *weak Rebels more advance her cauſe*] Such as thoſe, who affect to oppoſe her Government, by ſetting up for patrons of Letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The conſequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modeſt and reſerved; and the *falſe*, forward and preſuming; and the Judge eaſily impoſed upon; Fools get the rewards due to genius. For as the Poet ſaid of one of theſe Patrons,

Dryden, alone, (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye.

And thus, as he rightly obſerves, theſe weak Rebels unwittingly advance the cauſe of her they would be thought moſt to oppoſe.

For while no rewards are given for the encouragement of Letters, Genius will ſupport itſelf on the footing of that reputation, which men of wit will always win from the Dunces. But an undue diſtribution of the rewards of Learning will entirely depreſs or diſguſt all true genius; which now not only finds itſelf robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwiſe have won for itſelf. For, as the courſe of things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes into rivalſhip, is rather attendant on favour and high ſtation, than on the ſimple endowments of Wit and Learning. Hence we conclude that unleſs the Province of encouraging Letters be wiſely and faithfully adminiſtered, it were better for them that there were no encouragements at all. W.

Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons, the Great;
Who falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his Word without a call.
Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flatt'ry in the ſacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (laſt and worſt) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſe's Hypocrit.
There march'd the bard and blockhead, ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a Parſon's pow'r,
Look'd a white lilly ſunk beneath a ſhow'r.

REMARKS.

VER. 93. *falſe to* Phœbus,] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no choſen Prieſts or Poets, but equally inſpires any man that pleaſeth to ſing or preach. SCRIBL.

VER. 99, 100.

And (laſt and worſt) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſe's Hypocrit.]

In this diviſion are reckoned up 1. The Idolizers of Dulneſs in the Great — 2. Ill Judges,— 3. Ill Writers, — 4. Ill Patrons. But the *laſt and worſt*, as he juſtly calls him, is the *Muſe's Hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the Epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuſe, and the only buſineſs of the poet to be witty; and conſequently who cultivates only ſuch trifling talents in himſelf, and encourages only ſuch in others. W.

But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry Wit,

REMARKS.

VER. 128. *A Page,*] *Pagina*, not *Pediſſequus.* A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant; no Poet having had a *Page* ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.
SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis. P. W.

Ibid. — *an Alderman ſhall ſit,*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

VER. 132. *A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry Wit*] How unnatural an Image! and how ill ſupported, ſaith *Ariſtarchus.* Had it been,

A heavy Wit ſhall hang at ev'ry Lord,

ſomething might have been ſaid, in an Age ſo diſtinguiſhed for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpoſe, conſpicuous is the caſe of the poor Author of *Hudibras*, whoſe *body*, long ſince weighed down to the grave by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his *Spirit*; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himſelf, when he turned Critic, could boaſt of, which was no more than, *that he had picked gold out of another man's dung*; whereas he has picked it out of his own.
SCRIBL.

Ibid. *A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry wit*] Which every wit cannot ſo well ſhake off as the Author of the following Epigram:

" My Lord complains, that Pope, ſtark mad with gardens,
" Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
" But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
" And if he'll viſit me, I'll wave my right.
" What? on Compulſion? and againſt my Will,
" A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill.

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide.
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt Addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.
When lo! a Spectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a ſhudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton ſhake thro' all their Sons.

REMARKS.

VER. 137, 138.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.]

This is not to be aſcribed ſo much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit, have on Blockheads. For as Judgment conſiſts in finding out the *differences* in things, and Wit in finding out their *likeneſſes*, ſo the Dunce is all diſcord and diſſenſion, and conſtantly buſied in *reproving*, *examining*, *confuting*, &c. while the Fop flouriſhes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of Praiſe, *Addreſſes*, *Characters*, *Epithalamiums*, &c. W.

VER. 140 *the dreadful wand*;] A Cane uſually borne by Schoolmaſters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIB. P. W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood*, &c.]
Firſt Moloch, horrid King, beſmear'd with blood
Of human Sacrifice, and parents tears. Milt.

All Fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.
Then thus. Since Man from beaſt by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.

REMARKS.

VER. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of Fear ſomewhat like this, is deſcribed in the viith Æneid,

Contremuit nemus ——
Et trepidæ matres preſſere ad pectora natos.

nothing being ſo natural in any apprehenſion, as to lay cloſe hold on whatever is ſuppos'd to be moſt in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would inſinuate theſe youthful ſenators (tho' ſo lately come from ſchool) to be under the undue influence of any *Maſter*. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y, uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos. Perſ. P. W.

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumſtance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) ſeems to be an alluſion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be purſued by thoſe entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς, ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων τι, ἔστι Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c. P. W.

To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muſe gave o'er,
There TALBOT ſunk, and was a Wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in PULT'NEY loſt!

REMARKS.

VER. 154. — *to ſtand too wide*] A pleaſant alluſion to the deſcription of the door of Wiſdom in the *Table of Cebes*, Θύραν τινὰ μικράν. W.

VER. 159. *to exerciſe the breath*;] By obliging them to get the claſſic poets by heart, which furniſhes them with endleſs matter for Converſation and Verbal amuſement for their whole lives. P. W.

VER. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock, &c.*] For youth being uſed like Pack horſes and beated on under a heavy load of Words, leſt they ſhould tire, their inſtructors contrive to make the Words jingle in rhyme or metre. W.

VER. 165. *in yonder* Houſe *or* Hall.] Weſtminſter-hall and the Houſe of Commons.

Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Maſter-piece of Man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land again;

REMARKS.

VER. 174. *that Maſter-piece of Man.*] Viz. an *Epigram.* The famous Dr. *South* declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics ſay, "an Epic Poem is the greateſt work human nature is capable "of." P. W.

VER. 175. *Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) &c.*] The matter under debate is how to confine men to Words for life. The inſtructors of youth ſhew how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their Learning, and turn themſelves to uſeful Knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redreſſed. And this the Goddeſs aſſures them will need a more extenſive Tyranny than that of Grammar ſchools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wiſhes for *arbitrary Power*; whoſe intereſt it being to keep men from the ſtudy of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words* and *ſounds*; and, to make all ſure, ſhe wiſhes for another *Pedant Monarch*. The ſooner to obtain ſo great a bleſſing, ſhe is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her ſons taught at leaſt *one thing*; but that ſufficient, the *Doctrine of Divine Right*.

Nothing can be juſter than the obſervation here inſinuated, that no branch of Learning thrives well under Arbitrary government but *Verbal*. The reaſons are evident. It is unſafe under ſuch Governments to cultivate the ſtudy of things of importance. Beſides, when men have loſt their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals ſecure them from being vicious. Hence ſo great a Cloud of Scholiaſts and Grammarians ſo ſoon overſpread the Learning of Greece and Rome, when once thoſe famous Communities had loſt their

To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary Sway.

REMARKS.

Liberties. Another reaſon is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give to the ſtudy of *words*, in order to buſy and amuſe active genius's, who might otherwiſe prove troubleſome and inquiſitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had deſtroyed the poor remains of his Country's liberties, and made the ſupreme Court of Parliament merely *miniſterial*, he inſtituted the *French Academy*. What was ſaid upon that occaſion, by a brave Magiſtrate, when the letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deſerves to be remembered: He told the aſſembly, that *this adventure put him in mind after what manner an Emperor of Rome once treated his Senate; who when he had deprived them of the cognizance of Public matters, ſent a meſſage to them in form for their opinion about the beſt Sauce for a Turbot.* W.

VER. 176. *Some gentle* JAMES, *&c.*] Wilſon tells us that this King, *James* the firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador wou'd ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great Prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of *Sacred Majeſty*, which his loyal Clergy transfer'd from *God* to *Him*. "The principles of Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance (ſays the Author of the Diſſertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his time had ſkulk'd perhaps in ſome old Homily, were talk'd, written, and preach'd into vogue in that inglorious reign." P. W.

VER. 181, 182. *if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day, 'Tis in the ſhade of* Arbitrary Sway.] And grateful it is in Dulneſs to make

O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
That which my Prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
May you, may Cam, and Iſis preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

REMARKS.

this confeſſion. I will not ſay ſhe alludes to that celebrated verſe of Claudian,

nunquam Libertas *gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub Rege pio

But this I will ſay, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and miſtaken one for the other by the graveſt authors. I ſhould therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verſe was thus,

nunquam Libertas *gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub Lege *pia*

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulneſs herſelf: And therefore ſhe might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwiſe of this paſſage: The genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*: So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the firſt verſe: It ſhould be *exit*, not *exſtat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never *loſt*, or *went away* with ſo good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold ſhame to loſe it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a moſt grievous piece of nonſenſe to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himſelf. A moſt capital one it is, and owing to the confuſion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Eſſay on Crit.

Nature, like Monarchy, *is but reſtrain'd*
By the ſame Laws herſelf at firſt ordain'd.

Who ſees not, it ſhould be, *Nature, like* Liberty? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even tho' the Author himſelf

Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends. 192

REMARKS.

ſhould oppugn) in all the impreſſions which have been, or ſhall be, made of his works. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 189. *Prompt at the call,—Ariſtotle's Friends*] The Author, with great propriety, hath made theſe, who were ſo *prompt, at the call* of Dulneſs, to become preachers of the divine Right of Kings, to be the *friends* of *Ariſtotle*; for this philoſopher, in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that ſome Men were, by nature, made to ſerve, and others to command. W.

VER. 192. *A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.*] The Philoſophy of *Ariſtotle* hath ſuffered a long diſgrace in this learned Univerſity: being firſt expelled by the *Carteſian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while ſome faithful followers in ſecret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any ſtrange God in Philoſophy. Theſe, on this new appearance of the Goddeſs, come out like Confeſſors, and make an open profeſſion of the ancient faith, in the *ipſe dixit* of their Maſter. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

But the learned Mr. *Colley Cibber* takes the matter quite otherwiſe; and that this *various fortune of Ariſtotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* Philoſophy. For ſpeaking of that Univerſity in his time, he ſays, *they ſeemed to have as implicit a Reverence for Shakeſpear and Johnſon, as formerly for the* ETHICS *of Ariſtotle.* See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned profeſſor had miſtaken *Ethics* for *Phyſics*; unleſs he might imagine the Morals too were grown into diſuſe, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, *viz.* while He and the Players were at Oxford. W.

Ibid. *A hundred head &c.*] It appears by this the Goddeſs has been careful of keeping up a Succeſſion, according to the rule,

Semper enim refice: ac, ne poſt amiſſa requiras,
Anteveni; & ſobolem armento *ſortire* quotannis.

Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.

REMARKS.

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here deſcribes the *friends* of this ancient Philoſopher. Horace does not obſerve the ſame decorum with regard to thoſe of another ſect, when he ſays, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de* grege *Porcum.* But the word *Drove*, *Armentum*, here underſtood, is a word of honour, as the moſt noble *Feſtus* the *Grammarian* aſſures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod eſt idoneum opus* armorum. And alluding to the temper of this *warlike breed*, our poet very appoſitely calls them a *hundred head.* SCRIB. W.

VER. 194. [*Tho' Chriſt-church*] This line is doubtleſs ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulneſs in its *whole body.* BENTL. P. W.

VER. 196. *ſtill expelling* Locke] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the laſt Edit.

VER. 198. *On German* Crouzaz *and Dutch* Burgerſdyck.] There ſeems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houſes ſhould ride on horſeback, who of late days, being gouty or unweildy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifeſt; and very famous we may conclude, being honour'd with *Names*, as were the horſes Pegaſus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL. P. W.

Tho' I have the greateſt deference to the penetration of this eminent ſcholiaſt, and muſt own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juſter than that rule of criticiſm,

As many quit the ſtreams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aſide.

REMARKS.

which directs us to keep to the *literal* ſenſe, when no apparent obſcurity accompanies it (and ſure there is no abſurdity in ſuppoſing a Logician on horſeback) yet ſtill I muſt needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horſes, nor even Centaurs, which I ſhould rather be inclined to think if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, tho' Logicians: and only thus metamorphoſed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Eſprit peſant, lourd, ſans ſubtilité, in gentilleſſe "UN GROS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE." ARISTAR.

Here I profeſs to go oppoſite to the whole ſtream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, tho' aukwardly, at an elegant Greciſm in this repreſentation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horſe] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatneſs or ſtrength; as ἱππολάπαθον, ἱππόλωατον, ἱππομάραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoiſſeur, which comes neareſt to the caſe in hand. SCIP. MAFF. W.

VER. 199. *the ſtreams*] The River Cam, running by the walls of theſe Colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in Diſputation. P. W.

VER. 202. *ſleeps in Port.*] viz. "Now retired into harbour, "after the tempeſts that had long agitated his ſociety." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* underſtands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this Profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *De Compotationibus Academicis*. P. W.

Low bow'd the reſt: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt —— is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty Scholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.
Turn what they will to Verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it Proſe again.

REMARKS.

VER. 205. *His Hat, &c. — So upright Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.*] The Hat-worſhip, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that ſect: yet, where it is neceſſary to pay that reſpect to man (as in the Courts of Juſtice and Houſes of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conſcience, permitted other people to uncover them. P. W.

VER. 210. *Ariſtarchus*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently uſed to ſignify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our author to this eminent Profeſſor, in applying to him ſo great a Name, was the reaſon that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praiſes. We ſhall therefore ſupply that loſs to our beſt ability. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 214. *Critics like me*—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton; whoſe richeſt veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the pooreſt and moſt beggarly proſe. —Verily the learned ſcholiaſt is grievouſly miſtaken. Ariſt-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 207. — *He, kingly, did but nod;*] Milton,

— *He, kingly, from his State*
Declin'd not ——

VER. 210. — *is* Ariſtarchus *yet unknown?*]

—— *Sic notus* Ulyſſes? Virg.
Doſt thou not feel me, Rome? Ben. Johnſon.

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author or ſomething yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,

REMARKS.

archus, in not boaſting here of the *wonders* of his art in annihilating the ſublime; but of the *uſefulneſs* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper claſs; the words *make it proſe again*, plainly ſhewing that proſe it was, tho' aſhamed of its original, and therefore to proſe it ſhould return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulneſs doth not confine her critics to this uſeful taſk; and commiſſion them to diſmount all *proſe on horſe-back*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 216. *Author of ſomething yet more great than Letter*;] Alluding to thoſe Grammarians, ſuch as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *ſingle letters*. But Ariſtarchus, who had found out a *double* one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,*
—*Stands our* Digamma,] Alludes to the boaſted reſtoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *ſomething more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet upon the ſhoulders of another. P. W.

VER. 220. *of* Me *or* Te,] It was a ſerious diſpute, about which the learned were much divided, and ſome treatiſes written: Had it been about *Meum* or *Tuum* it could not be more conteſted, than whether at the end of the firſt Ode of Horace,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 215. *Roman and Greek* Grammarians, *&c.*] Imitated from Propertius ſpeaking of the Æneid.

Cedite, Romani *ſcriptores*, *cedite* Graii!
Neſcio quid majus *naſcitur Iliade*.

To ſound or ſink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:
For Attic Phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.

* REMARKS.

to read, Me *doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, Te *doctarum hederæ*—By this the learned ſcholiaſt would ſeem to inſinuate that the diſpute was not about *Meum* and *Tuum*, which is a miſtake: For, as a venerable ſage obſerveth, *Words are the counters of Wiſe-men, but the money of fools*; ſo that we ſee their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 222. *Or give up* Cicero *to* C *or* K.] Grammatical diſputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a diſpute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras ſhould end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and ſays Quintilian muſt be miſtaken, Cicero could not write it ſo, and that in this caſe he would not believe Cicero himſelf. Theſe are his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita ſcripſiſſe ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epiſt. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.* W.

VER. 223, 224. *Freind—Alſop*] Dr. Robert Freind, maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church—Dr. Anthony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horatian ſtyle. P. W.

VER. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have choſen the worſe author, the more freely to diſplay their critical capacity. P. W.

VER. 228. *&c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The firſt a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond a minute Critic; the third an author, who

In ancient Senſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus haſh'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'er.
The critic Eye, that microſcope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod.

REMARKS.

gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books. P. W.

VER. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'er.*] Theſe taking the ſame things eternally from the mouth of one another. P. W.

VER. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Miſtreſs, &c.—In Folly's Cap, &c.*] By this it appears the Dunces and Fops, mentioned ℣ 139, 140. had a contention of rivalſhip for the Goddeſs's favour on this great day. Thoſe got the ſtart, but theſe make it up by their Spokeſman in the next ſpeech. It ſeems as if Ariſtarchus here firſt ſaw him advancing with his fair Pupil.

SCRIBL. W.

VER. 241, 242. *Like buoys, &c.—On Learning's ſurface, &c.*] So that the ſtation of a *Profeſſor* is only a kind of legal Noticer to inform us where the *ſhatter'd hulk* of Learning lies at anchor; which after ſo long unhappy navigation, and now

Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much Divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY ſpoil'd the flock.
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphyſic ſmokes involve the Pole.

REMARKS.

without either Maſter or Patron, we may wiſh, with Horace, may *lie there ſtill.*

—— Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus?
—— non tibi ſunt, integra lintea;
Non Di, *quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
Quamvis pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes & genus, *&* nomen inutile. Hor. W.

VER. 244. *And much Divinity without a* Νοῦς.] A word much affected by the learned Ariſtarchus in common converſation, to ſignify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this paſſage has a farther view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *firſt cauſe*, and that ſyſtem of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Νοῦς: ſuch as the Poet afterwards deſcribes (ſpeaking of the dreams of one of theſe later Platoniſts)

Or that bright Image *to our Fancy draw,*
Which Theocles *in raptur'd Viſion ſaw,*
That Nature —— *&c.* P. W.

VER. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury,*] Iſaac Barrow, Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-church, both great Genius's and eloquent Preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime Geometry, the other in claſſical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their ſeveral Societies. P. W.

VER. 247. *the heavy Canon*] Canon here, if ſpoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the Houſe*, in the ſingular, and meant only of *one*: in which caſe I ſuſpect

For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.

What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run thro' ev'ry ſchool?

REMARKS.

the *Pole* to be a falſe reading, and that it ſhould be the *Poll*, or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paranomaſia* or *Pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of Speech more appoſite to our gentle Goddeſs, or more frequently uſed by her and her Children, eſpecially of the Univerſity? Doubtleſs it better ſuits the Character of Dulneſs, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* fear'd not to put a conſiderable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been obſerved, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to ſuggeſt the Devil was the Author as well of falſe Wit, as of falſe Religion, and that the Father of Lies was alſo the Father of Puns. But this is idle: It muſt be own'd a Chriſtian practice, uſed in the primitive times by ſome of the Fathers, and in later by moſt of the Sons of the Church; till the debauch'd reign of Charles the ſecond, when the ſhameful Paſſion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even then the beſt Writers admitted it, provided it was obſcene, under the name of the *Double entendre*.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 248. *And Metaphyſic ſmokes, &c.*] Here the learned Ariſtarchus ending the firſt member of his harangue in behalf of *Words*; and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *Things*; very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *Middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obſcurity, with *Subſtance*, and, in its emptineſs, with *Names* SCRIBL. W.

VER. 255 to 271. *What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool,*

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with Diſpute, or perſecute with Rhyme.

REMARKS.

&c.] Hitherto Ariſtarchus hath diſplay'd the art of teaching his Pupils words, without things. He ſhews greater ſkill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the *better ſort of fool* the firſt expedient is, ℣ 254 to 258, to run him ſo ſwiftly through the circle of the Sciences that he ſhall ſtick at nothing, nor nothing ſtick with him; and though ſome little, both of words and things, ſhould by chance be gathered up in his paſſage, yet he ſhews, ℣ 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than juſt to enable him to *perſecute with Rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with Diſpute*. But, if after all, the Pupil will needs *learn* a Science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ℣ 261, 262, that it ſhall either be ſuch as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or ſuch as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all ſure, ℣ 263 to 267, the uſeleſs or pernicious Sciences, thus taught, are ſtill applied perverſely; the man of Wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *trammelled* in Metaphyſics; and the man of Judgment *married*, without his parents conſent, to a *Muſe*. Thus far the particular arts of modern Education, uſed partially, and diverſified according to the Subject and the Occaſion: But there is one general Method, with the encomium of which the great Ariſtarchus ends his ſpeech, ℣ 267 to 270, and that is AUTHORITY, the univerſal CEMENT, which fills all the cracks and chaſms of *lifeleſs* matter, ſhuts up all the pores of *living* ſubſtance, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature ſhould chance to ſtruggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one ſure and entire cover. So that well may Ariſtarchus defy all human power to *get the Man out* again from under ſo impenetrable a cruſt. The Poet alludes to this Maſterpiece of the Schools in ℣ 501, where he ſpeaks of *Vaſſals to a name*. W.

We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or ſet on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame CEMENT, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to devellop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.

REMARKS.

VER. 264. *petrify a* Genius] Thoſe who have no Genius, employ'd in works of imagination; thoſe who have, in abſtract ſciences. P. W.

VER. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Ariſtotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the ſuperfluous parts. P. W.

VER. 272. *lac'd Governor*] Why *lac'd?* Becauſe Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know at ſight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat SCRIBL. P. W.

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore: and were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Gover-

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to ſay,
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring puſh'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son:

REMARKS.

nor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other. P. W.

VER. 274. *ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.*] See Homer Odyſſ. xi. where the Ghoſt of Ajax turns ſullenly from Ulyſſes the *Traveller*, who had ſucceeded againſt him in the diſpute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the ſame contention between the *Travelling*, and the *Univerſity* tutor, for the ſpoils of our young heroes, and faſhion adjudged it to the former; ſo that this might well occaſion the ſullen dignity in departure, which Longinus ſo much admired. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 276. *And titt'ring puſh'd, &c.*] Hor.

Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentiùs ætas. P. W.

VER. 279. *The firſt came forward, &c.*] This Forwardneſs or Pertneſs is the certain conſequence, when the children of Dulneſs are ſpoiled by too great fondneſs of their parent. W.

VER. 280. *As if he ſaw* St. James's] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent Behaviour of ſeveral forward young perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus. P. W.

Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The Sire ſaw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake. 286

REMARKS.

VER. 281. *th' attendant Orator*] The Governor aboveſaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 284. *A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.*] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whoſe great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying *Names*. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the *Prieſt*, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finiſh what the Nurſe began*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 286. — *the bleſſing of a Rake*] Scriblerus is here much at a loſs to find out what this *bleſſing* ſhould be. He is ſometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed to be prayed for. And after many ſtrange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts in this, that it was, that her ſon might paſs for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ŷ 316. where the Orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that he

Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was heard.—Here the good ſcholiaſt, as, indeed, every where elſe, lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſion hold open the door to much erudition and

IMITATIONS.

VER. 284. *A dauntleſs infant never ſcar'd with God.*]

— *ſine Dis animoſus Infans.* HOR.

Thou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!

REMARKS.

learned conjecture: the *bleſſing of a rake* ſignifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a *Rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *Bleſſings* would follow of courſe. W.

VER. 288. *he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.*] Nature hath beſtowed on the human ſpecies two ſtates or conditions, *Infancy* and *Manhood*. Wit ſometimes makes the *firſt* diſappear, and Folly the *latter*; but true Dulneſs annihilates *both*. For, want of *apprehenſion* in Boys, not ſuffering that conſcious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward baſhfulneſs of youth, makes them *aſſured*; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *aſſurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wiſdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 290. *unſeen the young* Æneas *paſt: Thence burſting glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. i.

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos; — 1. *neu quis contingere poſſit;*
2. *Molirive moram;* — *aut* 3. *veniendi poſcere cauſas.*

To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Iſles of fragrance, lilly-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lyon of the Deeps;
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal Senſe, of Op'ra's or the Fair;

REMARKS.

Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no-body might touch or correct him: 2. might ſtop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he came there. P. W.

VER. 303. *lilly-ſilver'd vales,*] Tuberoſes.

VER. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lyon of Deeps*;] The winged Lyon, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her *Carnivals*. P. W.

The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;
As much Eſtate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;

REMARKS.

VER. 318. *greatly-daring din'd*;] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat thro' thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholſome. P. W.

VER. 322. *And laſt turn'd* Air, *the Echo of a Sound!*] Yet leſs a Body than Echo itſelf; for Echo reflects *Senſe* or *Words* at leaſt, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes*:

— Sonus *eſt*, *qui vivit in* illo. Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a Metamorphoſis either in one or the other, but only a Reſolution of the Soul into its true Principles; its real Eſſence being Harmony, according to the Doctrine of Orpheus, the Inventor of Opera, who firſt perform'd to a ſelect aſſembly of Beaſts. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 324. *With nothing but a* Solo *in his head*;] With nothing but a *Solo*? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 326. *Janſen*, *Fleetwood*, *Cibber*,] Three very eminent

Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough chuſe him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Propthine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Poſterity thy own.

REMARKS.

perſons, all Managers of *Plays*; who, tho' not Governors by profeſſion, had, each in his way, concern'd themſelves in the Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his Talents for this end, ſee Book i. ℣ 199, *&c.* P. W.

VER. 331. *Her too receive &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ℣ 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady. P. W.

Ibid. *ſons of whores,*] For ſuch have been always eſteemed the ableſt ſupports of the Throne of *Dulneſs*, even by the confeſſion of thoſe her moſt *legitimate* Sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illuſtrious *Vanini* in his divine encomium on our Goddeſs, intitled *De Admirandis Naturæ Reginæ Deæque mortalium Arcanis*, laments that he was not born a Baſtard: *O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem thorum eſſem procreatus! &c.* He expatiates on the prerogatives of a *free birth*, and on what he would have done for the *Great Mother* with thoſe advantages; and then ſorrowfully concludes, *At quia Conjugatorum ſum ſoboles, his orbatus ſum bonis.* W.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 332. *So may the ſons of ſons &c.*]

Et nati natorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis. Virg.

Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from ſenſe of Shame.
Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-liſtleſs Loit'rers, that attend
No Cauſe, no Truſt, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy chair,
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The Pains and Penalties of Idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her Pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled em'rald on his hand,

REMARKS.

VER. 341. *Thee too, my* Paridel!] The Poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly 'Squire*, that travell'd about for the ſame reaſon, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to *Paris*. P. W.

VER. 347. *Annius*,] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impoſitions and Forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prompted to

IMITATIONS.

VER. 342. *Strech'd on the rack* —
And heard &c.]

Sedet, æternumque ſedebit,
Infelix Theſeus, *Phlegyaſque* miſerrimus *omnes*
Admonet —— Virg.

Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!

REMARKS.

by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive. P. W.

VER. 348. *well-diſſembled em'rald on his hand*] The Poet ſeems here, as Wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this uſeful Member of Society for his *well diſſembled em'rald*; whereas in truth it was by that circumſtance he ſhould have been commended. This worthy perſon was, I ſuppoſe, a Factor between the poor and rich, to ſupply theſe with their imaginary wants, and to relieve thoſe from their real ones. Now I aſk how can this Factorage be carried on without well diſſembling. The rich Man wants an Em'rald; his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary em'rald? For Philoſophers agree, that *imaginations* are not to be cured by their contrary *realities*, but to be removed, if troubleſome, by other imaginations; and theſe again, in their turn, by other. Conſider it in another light. An Em'rald, we agree, is an imaginary want; but an Em'rald of Gol-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 355. — *grant me ſtill to cheat!*
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!]

— *Da, pulchra Laverna,*
Da mihi fallere ——
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem. Hor.

Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head.
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th'Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,
Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;

REMARKS.

conda is much more ſo. Now if, in a *true Em'rald of France*, the colour, the luſtre, and the bulk, be all improved, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that ſolid happineſs, which we find an Em'rald is capable of giving to enlarged, and truly improved Minds? Certainly, nothing but that Golcondical ſubſtantial form, which is neither ſeen, felt, nor underſtood; a certain eſſentiuncula, or as we may ſay, *eſprit folet*, with which ſubſtances had been for many ages poſſeſſed, but is lately ſneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor (what is more to the purpoſe) no longer in faſhion. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 355. ſtill *to cheat*,] Some read *ſkill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that ſkill already; or if he had not, *ſkill* were not wanting to cheat ſuch perſons. BENTL. P. W.

VER. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl*,] The Owl ſtamp'd on the reverſe on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis *Gods*, *and Mortals call an* Owl

is the verſe by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν. P. W.

VER. 363. *Attys and Cecrops*.] The firſt King of Athens, of whom it is hard to ſuppoſe any Coins are extant; but not ſo improbable as what follows, that there ſhould be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images; and the ſtory of whoſe Pigeon was a monkiſh fable. Nevertheleſs one of theſe Annius's made

Be rich in ancient braſs, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his houſe be ſold;
To headleſs Phœbe his fair bride poſtpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bleſt in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops ſtinks above the ground,
Fierce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient Siſtrum at his head:

REMARKS.

a counterfeit medal of that Impoſtor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman. P. W.

VER. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an alluſion to the Mummies he was ſo fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burn'd Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, aſſuring him, "that if any were loſt or broken, he ſhould procure others to "be made in their ſtead:" by which it ſhould ſeem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoſo. P. W.

VER. 370.—*Fool-renown'd*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools*. P.

VER. 372. *Cheops*] A King of Egypt, whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was purchas'd by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the Muſeum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the theft above-mention'd. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells the ſame thing of it in his time. P. W.

Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,

REMARKS.

VER. 375. *Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? &c.*] The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various Coins, and being purſued by a Corſaire of Sallee, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bouraſque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One advis'd Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Phyſician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour firſt aſk'd him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* He aſſur'd him they were. Dufour was ra-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,*]

Emiſſumque ima de ſede Typhœa terræ
Cœlitibus feciſſe metum; cunctoſque dediſſe,
Terga fugæ: donec feſſos Ægyptia tellus
Ceperit — Ovid.

I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.
The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locuſts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,

REMARKS.

viſh'd with the hope of poſſeſſing ſuch a treaſure, he bargain'd with him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence. P. W.

VER. 383. *each* Demi-God,] They are called Θεοὶ on their Coins. P. W.

VER. 387. *Witneſs great* Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witneſs, as the father of Alexander, to whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of the Macedonian Empire, and whoſe *Horns* they wore on their Medals. P. W.

VER. 394. *Douglas*] A Phyſician of great Learning and no leſs Taſte; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes. P. W.

VER. 397. *Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground,*] The ſimilitude of *Locuſts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the Virtuoſi: who not only devour and lay waſte

Each with ſome wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent to the Throne appeal.

The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhow'r.
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs, and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!

REMARKS.

every tree, ſhrub, and green leaf in their *Courſe*, i. e. of experiments; but ſuffer neither a moſs nor fungus to eſcape untouched. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 409. *and nam'd it* Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſons, to give

IMITATIONS.

VER. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. nam'd it* Caroline!
Each Maid cry'd, charming! *and each Youth,* divine!
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No Maid cries, charming! *and no Youth,* divine!

Theſe Verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epith.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.

Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze?
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no Carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen.
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,

REMARKS.

their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardiner, at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inſcription, *This is* My *Queen Caroline*. P. W.

VER. 418. *Diſmiſs my ſoul where no Carnation fades.*] It is a trite obſervation, that men have always placed the happineſs of their fancied *Elyſium* in ſomething they took moſt delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradiſe conſiſt in young maidens, always virgins: Our modeſter Votary warms his imagination only with Carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the ſame time, to the perpetual ſpring of the old Elyſian fields,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race,*] The poet ſeems to have an eye to Spenſer, Muiopotmos.

Of all the race of ſilver-winged Flies
Which do poſſeſs the Empire of the Air.

Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r,
The riſing game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs *Butterfly*.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care, our ſleeping friends.

REMARKS.

give an inimitable pleaſantry, as well as decorum, to the concluſion of his Prayer. W.

VER. 440. *our ſleeping friends,*] Of whom ſee ✻ 345 above.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

— *I ſtarted back,*
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon — Milton.

The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowzy Watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by ſome object ev'ry brain is ſtirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
The mind, in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
The head that turns at ſuper-lunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 441. *The common ſoul &c.*] in the firſt Edit. thus,

Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And moſt but find that centinel of God,
A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

VER. 444. *And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.*] i. e. When the feaſt of life is juſt over, calls us to think of breaking up; but never watches to prevent the diſorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment. W.

VER. 450. *a wilderneſs of Moſs*;] Of which the Naturaliſts count I can't tell how many hundred ſpecies. P. W.

VER. 452. Wilkins' *wings.*] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy *Flies!*
See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the Author of the Whole eſcape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.
Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myſt'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,

REMARKS.

the Moon; which has put ſome volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpoſe. P. W.

VER. 453. *O! would the Sons of men, &c.*] This is the third ſpeech of the Goddeſs to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what ſhe had to give in inſtruction on this important occaſion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the firſt ſpeech, ℣ 119, to her Editors and conceited Critics, ſhe directs how to deprave Wit and diſcredit fine Writers. In her ſecond, ℣ 175, to the Educators of Youth, ſhe ſhews them how all Civil Duties may be extinguiſh'd, in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, ſhe charges the Inveſtigators of Nature to amuſe themſelves in Trifles, and reſt in Second cauſes, with a total diſregard of the firſt. This being all that Dulneſs can wiſh, is all ſhe needs to ſay; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been ſaid of true Wit, that *She neither ſays too little, nor too much.* P. W.

VER. 459. *a gloomy Clerk,*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may ſeem the ſame with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and diſaſtrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Syſtems. P. W.

VER. 462. *When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,*] Alluding

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's Cauſe thro' Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſome Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate Houſe. See *Craig's Theologiæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it ſeems evident, that facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddeſs; for whoſe help therefore they have reaſon to pray. P. W.

VER. 465—68. *Let others creep—thro' Nature led.*] In theſe lines are deſcribed the *Diſpoſition* of the rational Inquirer; and the *means* and *end* of Knowledge. With regard to his *diſpoſition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, muſt needs make a modeſt and ſenſible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely *plain and ſure experience*; which tho' ſupporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very ſlow progreſs, yet leads, ſurely, to the *end*, the diſcovery of the *God of nature*. W.

Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,

REMARKS.

VER. 471. *the high Priori Road,*] Thoſe who, from the effects in this Viſible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the Firſt Cauſe, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet diſcover ſo much of him, as enables them to ſee the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happineſs: whereas they who take this high Priori Road (ſuch as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and ſome better Reaſoners) for one that goes right, ten loſe themſelves in Miſts, or ramble after Viſions, which deprive them of all ſight of their End, and miſlead them in the choice of wrong means. P. W.

VER. 472. *And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:*] This was in fact the caſe of thoſe who, inſtead of reaſoning from a *viſible World* to an *inviſible God*, took the other road; and from an *inviſible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphyſical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reaſoned *downwards* to a *viſible world* in theory, of Man's Creation; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil* which they ſaw in his world, to doubt of that God, whoſe Being they had admitted, and whoſe attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on weak and miſtaken principles. W.

VER. 473. *Make Nature ſtill*] This relates to ſuch as, being aſhamed to aſſert a mere Mechanic Cauſe, and yet unwilling to forſake it intirely, have had recourſe to a certain *Plaſtic Nature*, *Elaſtic Fluid*, *Subtile Matter*, *&c.* P. W.

VER. 475.

Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe *into his place*,
Or bind in Matter, *or diffuſe in* Space.]

The firſt of theſe Follies is that of Des Cartes; the ſecond of Hobbs; the third of ſome ſucceeding Philoſophers. P. W.

Find Virtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
See all in *Self*, and but for ſelf be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our *Reaſon* ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
Oh hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:

REMARKS.

VER. 477. *Or, at one* bound, *&c.*] Theſe words are very ſignificant: In their Phyſical and Metaphyſical reaſonings it was a *Chain* of pretended *Demonſtrations* that drew them into all theſe abſurd concluſions. But their errors in Morals reſt only on bold and impudent *Aſſertions*, without the leaſt ſhadow of proof, in which they *o'er-leap* all the laws of Argument as well as Truth. W.

VER. 478, *&c.*

Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,
Find Virtue local, *all* Relation *ſcorn,*
See all in Self—]

Here the Poet from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philoſophy, deſcends to thoſe in Moral. Man was made according to *God's Image*; this falſe Theology, meaſuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reaſon*. The next, of imagining himſelf the final Cauſe, is the effect of his *Pride:* as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the impoſition of the Magiſtrate, is of the *Corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centers every thing in *himſelf*. The Progreſs of Dulneſs herein differing from that of Madneſs; one ends in *ſeeing all in God*, the other in *ſeeing all in Self*. P. W.

VER. 481. *Of nought ſo certain as our* Reaſon *ſtill.*] Of which we have moſt cauſe to be diffident. *Of nought ſo doubtful as of* Soul *and* Will: two things the moſt ſelf-evident, the Exiſtence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will. P. W.

VER. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. i. ℣ 57.

Omnis enim per ſe Divom natura neceſſe'ſt
Immortali ævo ſumma cum pace *fruatur,*

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,

REMARKS.

Semota *ab noſtris rebus*, ſummotaque *longe* —
Nec bene pro meritis *capitur*, *nec tangitur* ira.

From whence the two verſes following are tranſlated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddeſs. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 487. *Or that* bright Image] *Bright Image* was the Title given by the later Platoniſts to that Viſion of *Nature*, which they had form'd out of their own fancy, ſo bright, that they call'd it Αὐτοπτον Αγαλμα, or the *Self-ſeen Image*, i. e. ſeen by its own light.

This *Ignis fatuus* has in theſe our times appeared again in the *North*; and the writings of *Hutcheſon*, *Geddes*, and their followers, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *Self-ſeen Image*, theſe ſecond-ſighted philoſophers ſee every thing elſe. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] i. e. Let it be either the *Chance-God* of Epicurus, or the FATE, of this Goddeſs. W.

VER. 488. *Which* Theocles *in raptur'd Viſion ſaw*] Thus this Philoſopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in theſe Viſions:

"To-morrow, when the Eaſtern Sun
"With his firſt Beams adorns the front
"Of yonder Hill, if you're content
"To wander with me in the Woods you ſee,
"We will purſue thoſe Loves of ours,
"By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

"and invoking firſt the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to ob-
"tain at leaſt ſome faint and diſtant view of the *Sovereign Ge-*
"*nius* and *firſt Beauty*." *Charact.* Vol. ii. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apoſtrophized (pag. 345.) by the ſame Philoſopher:

While thro' Poetic ſcenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.

REMARKS.

" — O glorious *Nature!*
" Supremely fair, and ſovereignly good!
" All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
" Wiſe Subſtitute of Providence! *impower'd*
" *Creatreſs!* or *impow'ring Deity*,
" *Supreme Creator!*
" Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Iſaac Newton* diſtinguiſhes between theſe two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.] — *Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per proprietates ſuas & attributa, & per ſapientiſſimas & optimas rerum ſtructuras, & cauſas finales; veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium.* Deus *etenim ſine dominio, providentia, & cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam* Fatum & Natura. P. W.

VER. 489. *roves,—Or wanders wild in Academic Groves.*] " Above all things I lov'd *Eaſe*, and of all Philoſophers thoſe " who reaſon'd moſt *at their Eaſe*, and were never angry or " diſturb'd, as thoſe call'd *Sceptics* never were. I look'd upon " this kind of Philoſophy as the *prettieſt, agreeableſt, roving Ex-* " *erciſe of the mind*, poſſible to be imagined." Vol. ii. p. 206. P. W.

VER. 491. *That Nature our Society adores,*] See the *Pantheiſticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, compoſed by *Toland.* W.

VER. 492. *Where Tindal dictates and Silenus ſnores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke of ſatire againſt Atheiſm was well intended. But how muſt the Reader ſmile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as ſoon have found a Wolf in England as an *Atheiſt?* The truth is, the whole ſpecies was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, gave it to Bentley's *Boylean Lectures.* And he ſo well convinced that great

Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy Sire,
And ſhook from out his Pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down:
Roſy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddeſs *Dame*.
Then thus. From Prieſt-craft happily ſet free,
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd Son returns to thee:

REMARKS.

Man of his merit, that wherever afterwards he found *Atheiſt*, he always read it *A Theiſt*. But, in ſpite of a claim ſo well made out, others give the honour of this exploit to a later *Boylean Lecturer*. A *judicious* Apologiſt for Dr. Clarke, againſt Mr. Whiſton, ſays, with no leſs elegance, than poſitiveneſs of expreſſion, *It is a moſt certain truth that* the Demonſtration of the being and attributes of God, *has extirpated and baniſhed Atheiſm out of the Chriſtian world*, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the cleareſt truths have ſtill their dark ſide. Here we ſee it becomes a doubt which of the two Hercules's was the Monſter-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it ſo *certain*, there is no occaſion for ſo nice a convaſſing of circumſtances. SCRIBL. W.

Ibid. *Silenus*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philoſopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he ſings the principles of that Philoſophy in his drink. P. W.

VER. 494. *ſeeds of Fire*;] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi. *Semina ignis—ſemina flammæ* — P. W.

VER. 499, 500. *From* Prieſt-craft *happily ſet free*,
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd Son returns to thee:]
The learned Scriblerus is here very whimſical. It would ſeem, ſays he, by this, as if the PRIESTS (who are always plotting miſchief againſt the *Law of Nature*) had inveigled theſe harmleſs Youths from the boſom of their Mother, and kept them in

Firſt ſlave to Words, then vaſſal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen?
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down, in Penſion, or in Punk!
So K* ſo B** ſneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

REMARKS.

open Rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and reſtored them to her indulgent arms. But this is ſo ſingular a fancy, and at the ſame time ſo unſupported by proof, that we muſt in juſtice acquit them of all ſuſpicions of this kind. W.

VER. 501. *Firſt ſlave to Words, &c.*] A Recapitulation of the whole Courſe of Modern Education deſcrib'd in this book, which confines Youth to the ſtudy of *Words* only in Schools; ſubjects them to the authority of *Syſtems* in the Univerſities; and deludes them with the names of *Party-diſtinctions* in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the Underſtanding, and eſtabliſh Slavery and Error in Literature, Philoſophy, and Politics. The whole finiſh'd in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind, as it eſtabliſhes *Self-love* for the ſole Principle of Action. P. W.

VER. 506. *ſmil'd on by a Queen.*] i. e. This Queen or Goddeſs of Dulneſs.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy *Magus*, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt. 515
With that, a WIZARD old his *Cup* extends;
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,

REMARKS.

VER. 517. *With that a Wizard old, &c.*] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddeſs, which the Poet in his Invocation, ℣ 5, promiſed to ſing. For when now each Aſpirant, as was the cuſtom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the HIGH-PRIEST of Dulneſs firſt initiateth the Aſſembly by the uſual way of *Libation*. And then each of the Initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new Nature*, deſcribed in ℣ 530. *Firm Impudence, and Stupefaction mild*, which the Ancient Writers on the *Myſteries* call, τῆς ψυχῆς ἔρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the High-Prieſt and Goddeſs have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his Conductor, an inferior Miniſter or *Hierophant*, whoſe names are *Impudence*, *Stupefaction*, *Self-conceit*, *Self-intereſt*, *Pleaſure*, *Epicuriſm*, *&c.* to lead them thro' the ſeveral apartments of her Myſtic Dome or Palace. When all this is over, the ſovereign Goddeſs, from ℣ 565 to 600 conferreth her *Titles* and *Degrees*; rewards inſeparably attendant on the *participation* of the *Myſteries*; which made the ancient *Theon* ſay of them—κάλλιστα μὲν ὄν, καὶ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ Μυστηρίων μετέχειν. Hence being enriched with ſo many various Gifts and Graces, *Initiation* into the Myſteries was anciently, as well as in theſe our times, eſteemed a neceſſary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Laſtly the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, ſhutteth up the Solemnity with her gracious benedic-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 518. *Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,—Sire, &c.*] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyſſ. iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ὑπολήθην ἁπάντων.

Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies:
A *Feather*, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!

REMARKS.

tion, which concludeth in drawing the Curtain, and laying all her Children to reſt. It is to be obſerved that DULNESS, before this her Reſtoration, had her Pontiffs *in Partibus*; who from time to time held her Myſteries in ſecret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-eſtabliſhment, ſhe celebrateth them, like thoſe of the *Cretans* (the moſt ancient of all Myſteries) in open day, and offereth them to the inſpection of all men. SCRIBL. W.

Ibid. *his Cup—Which whoſo taſtes, &c.*] *The Cup of Self-love*, which cauſes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendſhip, or Honour; and of the Service of God or our Country; all ſacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worſhip, or the yet meaner conſiderations of Lucre and brutal Pleaſures. From ℣ 520 to 528. P. W.

VER. 518. —*forgets his former Friends*,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide an *uſeleſs* friendſhip. For of all the accommodations of faſhionable life, as there are none more reputable, ſo there are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and reſpect; and at the ſame time is ready to give place to every paſſion that offers to diſpute poſſeſſion with it. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 523, 524. *Loſt is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King.*] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where "(ſays he) *there is no ſuch thing as Love of our Country*, the "Intereſt, the Glory, and Service of the *Prince*, ſupply its "place." *De la Republique*, chap. x.

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

REMARKS.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* Author ſpeaks, indeed, a little more diſreſpectfully; which, for that reaſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, "le grand motif des prémiers Heros, n'eſt plus regardé que "comme une Chimére; l'idée du Service du Roi, etendüe juſ- "qu'à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on "appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidelité." *Boulainvilliers Hiſt. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.* P. W.

VER. 528. *ſtill keep the human ſhape.*] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a *total* corruption of heart, are juſt contrary to that of Circe, which only repreſents the *ſudden* plunging into pleaſures. Her's, therefore, took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape. W.

VER. 529. *But ſhe, good Goddeſs, &c.*] The only comfort people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others, and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle Pleaſures or Senſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons. P. W.

VER. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Collegues. The *Cibberian forehead* being to fit them for Self-

Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Fatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'reſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.

Others the Syren Siſters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.

REMARKS.

conceit, Self-Intereſt, &c. and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the Pleaſures of Opera and the Table. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 544. *The balm of Dulneſs*] The true *Balm of Dulneſs*, called by the Greek Phyſicians Κολαχεία, is a *Sovereign* remedy againſt Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddeſs herſelf. Its ancient Diſpenſators were *her Poets*; and for that reaſon our Author, Book ii. ℣ 207. calls it, *the Poet's healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from ſeveral places of this poem: And by ℣ 534, 535, it ſeems as if the *Nobility* had it made up in their own houſes. This, which *Opera* is here ſaid to adminiſter, is but a ſpurious ſort. See my Diſſertation on the *Silphium* of the *Antients*.

BENTL. W.

How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.
On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.

REMARKS.

VER. 553. *The board with* ſpecious Miracles he loads, *&c.*] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. *Specioſa miracula* (ſays he) according to Horace, were the monſtrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrygons, Scylla, *&c.* What relation have theſe to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turn'd to a Toad is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before-mentioned, of diſſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; nay it is expreſly ſaid, that *all Fleſh is nothing in his ſight.* I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a *Prieſt*, and ſoon after called a *Sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with *Libation* and *Song*. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of *French Cookery*, and that particular *Pigeons en crapeau* were a common diſh. P. W.

What cannot copious Sacrifice attone?
Thy Treufles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Waſh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.
KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds undone,
To three eſſential Partridges ~~in one~~?

REMARKS.

VER. 556. Seve *and* Verdeur] French Terms relating to Wines, which ſignify their flavour and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
Villandri priſeroit ſa Seve *&* *ſa* Verdeur. Dépreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to *a Nobleman in diſgrace*, adviſing him to ſeek Comfort in a *good Table*, and particularly to be attentive to *theſe Qualities* in his Champaigne. P. W.

VER. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of Gameſters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Caſhier of the South-ſea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by perſons of the firſt Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France. P. W.

Ibid. *Bladen, &c.*] The former Note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubtleſs could only have been, *Waſh* Blackmoors *white*, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 567.
Her Children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare *at the Inns of Court.*]

Ill would that Scholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect to honour thoſe whom DULNESS has *diſtinguiſhed:* or ſuffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modeſty would have left them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cauſe, by one Mr. Thomas

Gone ev'ry bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertú profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

REMARKS.

EDWARDS, a *Gentleman*, as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our honeſt Anceſtors to ſuch Muſhrooms, *A Gentleman of the laſt Edition*: who nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himſelf in the cauſe of *Dulneſs* againſt *Shakeſpear*, and with the wit and learning of his Anceſtor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearſal*, and with the air of good nature and politeneſs of *Caliban* in the *Tempeſt*, hath now happily finiſhed the *Dunce's progreſs*, in perſonal abuſe. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grub-ſtreet Critic run to Seed. Lamentable is the Dulneſs of theſe Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This *Fungoſo* and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much againſt us for reflecting on his *birth*, in the words, *a Gentleman of the laſt Edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his *birth* but his *adoption* only: And mean no more than that he is become *a Gentleman of the laſt edition of the Dunciad*. Since Gentlemen, then, are ſo captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here ſaid to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Anceſtor, is only related to him by the Muſe's ſide. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well exemplified, our Poet hath elſewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.

For the ſatire extends much further than to the perſon who occaſioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of thoſe on whom a

Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botaniſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue Members of an Annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.
Then, bleſſing all, Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.

REMARKS.

good Education (to fit them for ſome uſeful and learned profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain. That worthleſs Band

Of ever liſtleſs Loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no Friend.

Who, with an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for the offices of *civil* life; and a heart too lumpiſh, narrow, and contracted for thoſe of *ſocial*, become fit for nothing: And ſo turn *Wits* and *Critics*, where ſenſe and civility are neither required nor expected.

VER. 571. *Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race*] The Poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent Race: He has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a *Humming-Bird* or a *Cockle*, yet at worſt they may be made Free-Maſons; where *Taciturnity* is the only eſſential Qualification, as it was the *chief* of the diſciples of Pythagoras. P. W.

VER. 576. *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A ſort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Maſons. P. W.

Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace; 585
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race;

REMARKS.

VER. 581.

All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, *and* full:
My Sons! be proud, *be* ſelfiſh, *and be* dull.]

We ſhould be unjuſt to the reign of *Dulneſs* not to confeſs that her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in Modern Governments, which is, that the public *Education* of her Youth fits and prepares them for the obſervance of her *Laws*, and the exertion of thoſe *Virtues* ſhe recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty *knowledge of Words*; what more *ſelfiſh* than the Free-thinker's *Syſtem of Morals*; or duller than the profeſſion of true *Virtuoſoſhip?* Nor are her *Inſtitutions* leſs admirable in themſelves, than in the fitneſs of theſe their ſeveral relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For ſhe tells her Sons, and with great truth, that "all her commands are *eaſy*, "*ſhort*, and *full*." For is any thing in nature more *eaſy* than the exertion of *Pride*; more *ſhort* and *ſimple* than the principle of *Selfiſhneſs*; or more *full* and *ample* than the ſphere of *Dulneſs?* Thus, Birth, Education, and wiſe Policy, all concurring to ſupport the throne of our Goddeſs, great muſt be the ſtrength thereof. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 584. *each* Privilege *your own, &c.*] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a Charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, *&c.*

But if it be well conſider'd, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally render'd harmleſs by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the Poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allowed

From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.

REMARKS.

that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. P. W.

VER. 585. *The Cap and Switch &c.*] The Goddeſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leiden*, King of Munſter, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horſe and Hangman. And had but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of Reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole Houſhold on the ſame reaſonable plan. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 590. *Arachne's ſubtile line*;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ. P. W.

VER. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call*;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn *Dance*, intitled *A Call of Sergeants*. P. W.

Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one Monarch more;
And nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for Firſt Miniſters, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?

REMARKS.

VER. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle*] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia. P. W.

VER. 606. *What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods!*] This verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the Action, where the great Mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſeem a very ſingular Epitaſis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn*; but we muſt conſider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the Cataſtrophe of the Poem. P. W.

VER. 607. *Churches and Chapels, &c.*] The Progreſs of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to ſleep, the Maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, juſtly called the Senſe of the Nation, is *loſt* (that is to ſay *ſuſpended*) during the

Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd;
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G —— preach'd)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:

REMARKS.

Yawn (far be it from our Author to ſuggeſt it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the Kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (tho' as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, tho' ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs.

SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:*] Implying a great deſire ſo to do, as the learned Scholiaſt on the place rightly obſerves. Therefore, beware Reader, leſt thou take this *Gape* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no deſire but to go to reſt: by no means the diſpoſition of the Convocation; whoſe melancholy caſe in ſhort is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddeſs; and while ſhe was yawning careleſsly at her eaſe, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a *Gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this diſtreſsful poſture our poet here deſcribes, juſt as ſhe ſtands at this day, a ſad example of the effects of Dulneſs and Malice unchecked and deſpiſed.

BENT. W.

The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And Chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)
Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe Heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;

REMARKS.

VER. 615, 618.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this Poem of a freſher date. P. W.

VER. 620. *Wits have ſhort Memories,*] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, who, as the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'—

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, & memorare poteſtis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this Taſk upon the Muſe, that, all beſides being *aſleep*, ſhe only could relate what paſſed. SCRIBL. P. W.

VER. 624. *The Venal quiet, and &c.*] It were a Problem worthy the ſolution of the profound Mr. Upton himſelf (and per-

'Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong —
O ſing, and huſh the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-compoſing Hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: The Muſe obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne behold
Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old!
Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.

REMARKS.

haps not of leſs importance than ſome of thoſe weighty queſtions ſo long diſputed amongſt Homer's Scholiaſts) to inform us, which required the greateſt effort of our Goddeſs's power, to *intrance the Dull*, or to *quiet the Venal*. For tho' the *Venal* may be more unruly than the *Dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 629. *She comes! ſhe comes!* &c.] Here the Muſe, like Jove's Eagle, after a ſudden ſtoop at ignoble game, ſoareth again to the ſkies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poeſy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the ſtyle of other prophets, hath uſed the future tenſe for the preterit: ſince what he ſays ſhall be, is already to be ſeen, in the writings of ſome even of our moſt adored authors, in Divinity, Philoſophy, Phyſics, Metaphyſics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in ſuch company.

VER. 629. *the ſable Throne behold*] The ſable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here repreſented as advancing to extinguiſh the light of the Sciences, in the firſt place blot out the Colours of *Fancy*, and damp the Fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work. W.

Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſick'ning ſtars fade off th'ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
See ſkulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 643. in the former Edd. it ſtood thus,

Philoſophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more.

And this was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonian philoſophy. For the poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Ariſtotle*. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing ſuperficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been conſulted in this matter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection had never diſcredited ſo noble a ſatire. When I hinted to him how he had been impoſed upon, he changed the lines with great pleaſure into a compliment (as they now ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire on the folly by which he himſelf had been miſled. W.

REMARKS.

VER. 641. Truth *to her old Cavern fled*,] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep

Phyſic of *Metaphyſic* begs defence, 645
And *Metaphyſic* calls for aid on *Senſe!*

REMARKS.

well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler ſays, *He firſt put her in, before he drew her out.* W.

VER. 643. Philoſophy, *that lean'd on Heav'n*] Philoſophy has at length brought things to that paſs, as to have it eſteemed unphiloſophical to reſt in the *firſt cauſe*; as if its ends were an endleſs indagation of cauſe after cauſe, without ever coming to the firſt. So that to avoid this unlearned diſgrace, ſome of the propagators of our beſt philoſophy have had recourſe to the contrivance here hinted at. For this Philoſophy, which is founded in the principle of *Gravitation*, firſt conſidered that property in matter, as ſomething extrinſecal to it, and impreſſed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modeſtly coming up to the firſt Cauſe, was puſhing natural enquiries as far as they ſhould go. But this ſtopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this Philoſophy, *Bacon*, who ſays, *Circa ultimates rerum fruſtranea eſt inquiſitio*, was miſtaken by foreign philoſophers as recurring to the *occult* qualities of the Peripatetics.

Pulſantes equidem vires intelligo nuſquam
Occultas magiciſque pares —
Sed gravitas etiam creſcat, dum corpora centro
Accedunt propius. *Videor mihi cernere terrâ*
Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum
Pellæi Juvenis Doctor conjecerat olim
In Phyſicæ ſtudium: ſolitum dare nomina rebus,
Pro cauſis, unoque ſecans problemata verbo. Anti-Lucr.

To avoid which imaginary diſcredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to ſeek for the *cauſe* of *gravitation* in a certain

IMITATIONS.

VER. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*]

Et quamvis ſopor eſt oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat —
— *Vidit Cyllenius omnes*
Succubuiſſe oculos, &c. Ovid. Met. ii.

See *Myſtery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.

REMARKS.

elaſtic fluid, which pervaded all body. By this means, inſtead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unſatisfactory *ſecond cauſe*: For it might ſtill, by the ſame kind of objection, be aſked, what was the *cauſe* of that *elaſticity?* See this folly cenſured, ✻ 475. W.

VER. 645, 646. Phyſic *of* Metaphyſic, *&c.*—*And* Metaphyſic *calls*, *&c.*] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to ſecure the exiſtence of the *ſoul*, to bring in queſtion the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphyſical* reaſoning: While others of the ſame party, in order to perſuade us of the neceſſity of a Revelation which promiſes immortality, have been as anxious to prove that thoſe qualities which are commonly ſuppoſed to belong only to an immaterial Being, are but the reſult from the ſenſations of matter, and the ſoul naturally mortal. Thus between theſe different reaſonings, they have left us neither Soul and Body; nor the Sciences of Phyſics and Metaphyſics the leaſt ſupport, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another. W.

VER. 647. *See* Myſtery *to* Mathematics *fly!*] A ſort of men, who make human Reaſon the adequate meaſure of all Truth, having pretended that whatſoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of Religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the oppoſite folly, and attempted to ſhew that the myſteries of Religion may be mathematically demonſtrated; as the authors of *Philoſophic*, or *Aſtronomic Principles* of Religion, *natural* and *revealed*; who have much prided themſelves on reflecting a fantaſtic light upon religion from the frigid ſubtilty of ſchool moonſhine. W.

VER. 649. Religion *bluſhing veils her ſacred fires*,] *Bluſhing*, as well at the memory of the *paſt* overflow of dulneſs, when the

Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to ſhine;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpſe *divine!*
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All. 656

REMARKS.

barbarous learning of ſo many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the ſimplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the *preſent*; of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars. However amidſt the extinction of all other Lights, ſhe is ſaid only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguiſhable and eternal. W.

VER. 650. *And unawares* Morality *expires.*] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different ſentiments from the Author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the ſupport of Religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſe that Morality would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to the ſurprize ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country. W.

FINIS.

By the AUTHOR

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdaſhers of Points and Particles, **being inſtigated by the ſpirit of** Pride, **and aſſuming to themſelves the name of** Critics **and** Reſtorers, **have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current ſenſe of our** Glorious Anceſtors, Poets of this Realm, **by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own baſe allay, or otherwiſe falſifying the ſame**; **which they publiſh, utter, and vend as genuine: The ſaid haberdaſhers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, aſſigns, or** in any ſort related **to ſuch Poets, to all or any of them:** Now We, **having carefully reviſed this our** Dunciad, [a] **beginning**

[a] Read thus confidently, inſtead of "beginning with the word "*Books*, and ending with the word "*flies*," as formerly it ſtood; Read alſo, "containing the entire "ſum of *one thouſand, ſeven hun-* "*dred, and fifty ſix* verſes," inſtead of "*one thouſand and* "*twelve* lines; ſuch being the initial and final words, and ſuch the true and entire contents, of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the firſt Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never ſeen by the Author, (though living and not blind:) The Editor himſelf confeſs'd as much in his Preface: And no two poems were ever publiſhed in ſo arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly ſuppreſſed whole Paſſages, yea the entire laſt book, as the Editor of Paradiſe loſt, added and augmented. Milton himſelf gave but *ten* books, his Editor *twelve*; this Author gave *four* books, his Editor only *three*. But we have happily done juſtice to both; and preſume we ſhall live, in this our laſt labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

with the words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand, seven hundred, thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five firſt imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER[a] to the READER.

IT will found a true obſervation, tho' ſomewhat ſurprizing, that when any ſcandal is vented againſt a man of the higheſt diſtinction and character, either in the ſtate or in literature, the public in general afford it a moſt quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were ſome kindneſs done to themſelves: whereas if a known ſcoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cauſe of all ſcriblers, bookſellers, and printers whatſoever.

[a] *The Publiſher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that moſt judges are of opi-" nion this preface is not of " Engliſh extraction, but Hiber-" nian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publiſher or not, may be ſaid in a ſort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reaſons ſpecified in the preface to their Miſcellanies) determined to own the moſt trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to deſtroy all that remained in their power; the firſt ſketch of this poem was ſnatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who perſuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inſcribed. But the occaſion of printing it was as follows:

Not to ſearch too deeply into the reaſon hereof, I will only obſerve as a fact, that every week for theſe two months paſt, the town has been perſecuted with [b] pamphlets, advertiſements, letters, and weekly eſſays, not only againſt the wit and writings, but againſt the character and perſon of Mr. Pope. And that of all thoſe men who have received pleaſure from his works, which by modeſt computation may be about a [c] hundred thouſand in theſe kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jerſey, Guernſey, the Orcades, thoſe in the new world,

There was publiſhed in thoſe Miſcellanies, a Treatiſe of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the ſpecies of bad writers were ranged in claſſes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the moſt part at random. But ſuch was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf. All fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common News-papers (in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive falſehoods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled Licence of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common Enemies of mankind; ſince to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifeſting the dulneſs of thoſe who had only malice to recommend them; either the bookſellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happineſs, that by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their Names as was neceſſary to his deſign.

[b] *pamphlets, advertiſements, &c.*] See the Liſt of thoſe anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inſerted before the Poem.

[c] *about a hundred thouſand*] It is ſurprizing with what ſtupidity this preface, which is almoſt a continued irony, was taken by thoſe authors. All ſuch paſſages as theſe were underſtood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be ſerious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9) "Tho' "I grant the Dunciad a better "poem of its kind than ever was "writ; yet, when I read it "with thoſe *vain-glorious* en-"cumbrances of Notes and Re-"marks upon it, *&c.* —— it is

and foreigners who have tranſlated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath ſtood up to ſay one word in his defence.

The only exception is the [d] author of the following poem, who doubtleſs had either a better inſight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater perſonal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifeſts of the moſt private authors of all the anonymous pieces againſt him, and from his having in this poem attacked [e] no man living, who had not before printed, or publiſhed, ſome ſcandal againſt this gentleman.

How I came poſſeſt of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detain'd the publication; ſince thoſe names which are its chief ornaments die off daily ſo faſt, as muſt render it too ſoon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot ſay, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly [f] nothing in his ſtyle and manner of writing, which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him: For if it bears any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a view to have it paſs for his. But by the frequency of his alluſions to Virgil, and a labour'd (not to ſay affected) *ſhortneſs* in imitation of him, I ſhould think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the ſame taſte with his friend.

" amazing, that you, who have " writ with ſuch maſterly ſpirit " upon the ruling Paſſion, ſhould " be ſo blind a ſlave to your " own, as not to ſee how far a " *low avarice of Praiſe*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

[d] *The author of the following poem*, &c.] A very plain irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.

[e] The publiſher in theſe words went a little too far; But it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of ſuch; and the exception is only of two or three, whoſe dulneſs, impudent ſcurrility, or ſelf-conceit, all mankind agreed to have juſtly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

[f] *there is certainly nothing in his ſtyle*, &c.] This irony had ſmall effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publiſhed two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full [g] ſix years of his life, and that he wholly retired himſelf from all the avocations and pleaſures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and ſix years more he intended to beſtow upon it, as it ſhould ſeem by this verſe of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuſcript,

Oh mihi biſſenos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia [h] *!*

Hence alſo we learn the true title of the poem; which with the ſame certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Luſiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is ſtyled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* ſo; not only with reſpect to its nature, which, according to the beſt rules of the ancients, and ſtricteſt ideas of the moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the heroical diſpoſition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may ariſe ſome obſcurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of ſome authors, and inſertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will conſider the unity of the whole deſign, will be ſenſible, that the *poem was not made for theſe authors, but theſe authors for the*

[g] *the labour of full ſix years, &c.*) This alſo was honeſtly and ſeriouſly believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are told "it was the labour of ſix years, "with the utmoſt aſſiduity and "application: It is no great "compliment to the author's "ſenſe, to have employed ſo "large a part of his life," *&c.* So alſo Ward, pref. to Durgen, "The Dunciad, as the publiſher "very wiſely confeſſes, coſt the "author ſix years retirement "from all the pleaſures of life; "though it is ſomewhat difficult to conceive, from either "its bulk or beauty, that it "could be ſo long in hatching, "*&c.* But the length of time "and cloſeneſs of application "were mentioned to prepoſſeſs "the reader with a good opinion of it."

They juſt as well underſtood what Scriblerus ſaid of the Poem.

[h] The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on "the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is "formed," Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the ſame opinion.

poem. I ſhould judge that they were clapp'd in as they roſe, freſh and freſh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; ſince when he ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the perſons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the ſatire would only be multiplied, and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirm'd him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. *&c.* but now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real perſon.

II.

A LIST of

BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abuſed, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and ſatyrical on a late Rhapſody, called An Eſſay on Criticiſm. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 *d.*

A New Rehearſal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714. price 1 *s.*

Homeridcs, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occaſioned by his intended tranſlation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket eſquires) printed for W. Wilkins, 1715. price 9 *d.*

Æſop at the Bear-garden; a vifion, in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphew, 1715. price 6 *d*

The Catholic Poet, or Proteſtant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715. price 1 *d*.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-ſhew at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad. By George Ducket eſq. printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, ſupervifed by Mr. Th——] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 *d*.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joſeph Gay [J. D. Breval] printed for R Burleigh, 1717, price 1 *s*.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's tranſlation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 *s*. 6 *d*.

Satyrs on the tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 *d*.

The Triumvirate: or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welſted] 1711, Folio, price 1 *s*.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J Roberts, Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in proſe. By the Author of the Critical Hiſtory of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, *&c.* of ſeveral gentlemen libelled by S— and P——, in a late Miſcellany. Octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Advertiſements, in the public Prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philo-mauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Therſites; accuſing the author of diſaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Suppoſed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the tranſlation of the character of Therſites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, *&c.*

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large: Anon. [John Dennis.]

All theſe were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entituled A Collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, Letters, and Advertiſements occaſion'd by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 *s.* Others of an elder date, having lain as waſte Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Bookſellers (in hope of ſome poſſibility of vending a few) by advertiſing them in this manner—"The Confederates, a farce.

" By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad.)
" An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet ſhow. By Col. Ducket (for
" which he is put into the Dunciad.) Eſſays, &c. By Sir Rich-
" ard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a paſſage of this book that
" Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)" And ſo of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Eſſay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, " That the com-
" plaint of the aforeſaid Libels and Advertiſements was forged
" and untrue; that all mouths had been ſilent, except in Mr.
" Pope's praiſe; and nothing againſt him publiſhed, but by Mr.
" Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verſe, occaſioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a perſon never mentioned in it at firſt, but inſerted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. pr. 6*d*.

A ſecond and third edition of the ſame, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6*d*.

The Curliad. By the ſame E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the ſame Mr. Curl, 12mo. price 6*d*. With the Metamorphoſis of P. into a ſtinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6*d*.

The Dunciad diſſected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Eſſay on the Taſte and Writings of the preſent times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, ſigned W. A. Writ by ſome or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for ſome time held conſtant weekly meetings for theſe kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter ſigned Philoſcriblerus, on the name of Pope— Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verſe, ſigned B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] againſt Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the ſame papers, by James Moore, and others.

Miſt's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Poſt, Auguſt 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Auguſt 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treaſon.

Durgen: a plain ſatire on a pompous ſatiriſt. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana ſecunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the ſame title, by Smedley. Advertiſed in the Craftſman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promiſe, that "*any thing* which "*any body* ſhould ſend as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, ſhould be "inſerted and publiſhed as theirs."

Pope Alexander's ſupremacy and infallibility examined, *&c.* By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphraſe on the ivth chapter of Geneſis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verſes by Leonard Welſted, which after came into *One Epiſtle*, and was publiſhed by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welſted's own name, under the juſt title of Dulneſs and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been ſince publiſhed

Verſes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'ſquire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epiſtle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts alſo, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appear'd. I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipt into it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to uſe real rather than feign'd names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive; and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends, by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was ſent me from ſeveral hands, and conſequently muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very *Obſcurity* of the perſons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which moſt people love to be let into, tho' the men or the things be ever ſo inconſiderable or trivial.

Of the *Perſons* it was judg'd proper to give ſome account: For ſince it is only in this monument that they muſt expect to ſurvive (and here ſurvive they will, as long as the Engliſh tongue ſhall remain ſuch as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and king GEORGE,) it ſeem'd but humanity to beſtow a word or two upon each, juſt to tell what he was, what he writ, when he liv'd, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinn'd upon the breaſt, to mark the enormities for which they ſuffer'd; leſt the correction only ſhould be remember'd, and the crime forgotten.

In ſome articles it was thought ſufficient, barely to tranſcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Moſt of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occaſions; but the few here inſerted are all that could be ſaved from the general deſtruction of ſuch works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need ſay nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approv'd by all but thoſe who are too much concern'd to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify thoſe who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with ſome of the parodies and alluſions to the moſt excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the ſame thing in jeſt which Boileau did in earneſt; and upon which Vida, Fracaſtorius, and many of the moſt eminent Latin poets, profeſſedly valued themſelves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION of

The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when printed ſeparately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three firſt books of the Dunciad, that we publiſh this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a ſurvey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in ſo blotted a condition, and in ſo many detach'd pieces, as plainly ſhewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfiniſhed*. That the author of the three firſt books had a deſign to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the diſſertation prefix'd to it, where it is ſaid, that *the deſign is more extenſive, and that we*

may expect other epiſodes to complete it: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accompliſhment of the prophecies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.* But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourſelves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the laſt ſix books of the Æneid, tho' perhaps inferior to the former.

If any perſon be poſſeſſed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publiſher, we ſhall make the next edition more complete: In which we alſo promiſe to inſert any *Criticiſms* that ſhall be publiſhed (if at all to the purpoſe) with the *Names* of the *Authors*; or any letters ſent us (tho' not to the purpoſe) ſhall yet be printed under the title of *Epiſtolæ Obſcurorum Virorum*; which, together with ſome others of the ſame kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleaſant addition to the future impreſſions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a deſign of giving ſome ſort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happineſs of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Eſſay on Man*, and have ſince finiſhed another on the *Eſſay on Criticiſm.* There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I ſtill thought ſome additions were wanting (of a more ſerious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to thoſe written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleaſure to paſs ſome months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long deſired, and favour me with his explanation of ſeveral paſſages in his works. It happened, that

juſt at that juncture was publiſhed a ridiculous book againſt him, full of Perſonal Reflections, which furniſhed him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more conſiderable Hero*. He was always ſenſible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it paſs with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the leaſt expectation that ſuch an one was reſerved for this Poſt, as has ſince obtained the *Laurel*: But ſince that had happened, he could no longer deny this juſtice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to ſay, there was another motive which had ſtill more weight with our Author: This perſon was one, who from every Folly (not to ſay Vice) of which another would be aſhamed, has conſtantly derived a *Vanity*; and therefore was the *man in the world who would leaſt be hurt by it*.

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occaſion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſome have been willing to ſuggeſt, as if they looked upon them as an *abuſe*: we can do no leſs than own, it is our opinion, that to call theſe Gentleman *bad authors* is no ſort of *abuſe*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but we promiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who thinks it an injury to be repreſented as no *Wit*, or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really ſuch, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr. *Dennis ſingly*, who is eſteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN.

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good ſenſe [a]. A true republican ſon of monarchical Church [b]. A republican Atheiſt [c]. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt [d].

In the poem call'd *Abſalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriouſly traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable perſons expoſed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriouſly libell'd. It is *ſcandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itſelf [e].

[a] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.
[b] pag. 38.
[c] pag. 192.
[d] pag. 8.
[e] Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning[a]. Some call him a popiſh whig, which is directly inconſiſtent[b]. Pope, as a papiſt, muſt be a tory and high flyer[c]. He is both a whig and tory[d].

He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments[e].

In his Miſcellanies, the Perſons abuſed are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houſes of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Eſtabliſh'd CHURCH, the preſent MINISTRY, *&c.* To make Senſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtrued into ROYAL SCANDAL[f].

[a] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.
[b] Dunciad diſſected.
[c] Pref. to Gulliveriana.
[d] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[e] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728.
[f] Liſt, at the end of a Collec-

He looks upon God's goſpel as a fooliſh fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor [f]. His very chriſtianity may be queſtioned [g]. He ought to expect more ſeverity than other men, as he is moſt unmerciful in his own reflections on others [h]. With as good a right as his Holineſs, he ſets up for poetical infallibility [i].

Mr. DRYDEN only a Verſifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautify'd (which is all that can be ſaid of it) with good metre [k]. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Verſification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a queſtion [l].

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonſon calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to ſhew that this is not that Virgil ſo admir'd in the Auguſtæan age; but a Virgil of another ſtamp, a ſilly, impertinent, nonſenſical writer [m]. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil; and none but ſuch unthinking Vermin admire his Tranſlator [n]. It is true, ſoft and eaſy lines might become Ovid's Epiſtles or Art of Love — But Virgil, who is all great and majeſtic, *&c.* requires ſtrength of lines, weight of words, and cloſeneſs of expreſſions; not an ambling Muſe running on Carpet-ground, and ſhod as lightly as a Newmarket-racer — He has numberleſs faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expreſſion [o].

Mr. DRYDEN underſtood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once I have heard, at Weſtminſter ſchool: Dr. Buſby would have whipt him for ſo childiſh a Paraphraſe [p]. The meaneſt Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for conſtruing ſo abſurdly [q]. The Tranſlator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity [r]. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not underſtand his

[f] Ibid.
[g] Milbourn, p. 9.
[h] Ibid. p. 175. [i] pag. 39.
[k] Whip and Key, Pref.
[l] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 84.
[m] Milbourn, pag. 2.
[n] Pag. 35.
[o] Pag. 22, and 192.
[p] Milbourn, p. 72.
[q] Pag. 203.
[r] Pag. 78.

He is a Popiſh Rhymeſter, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings [g]. His Religion allows him to deſtroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy Wits whom he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh Principles [h]. It deſerved Vengeance to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Pope had leſs Infallibility than his Nameſake at Rome [i].

Mr. POPE only a Verſifier.

The ſmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit [k]. It muſt be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing ſmooth verſe [l].

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated him, one would ſwear, had a Hill in Tipperary for his Parnaſſus, and a puddle in ſome Bog for his Hippocrene [m]. He has no Admirers among thoſe that can diſtinguiſh, diſcern, and judge [n].

He hath a knack at ſmooth verſe, but without either Genius or good ſenſe, or any tolerable knowledge of Engliſh. The qualities which diſtinguiſh Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Verſification.—But this little Author, who is ſo much in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his Thoughts nor Engliſh in his Expreſſions [o].

Mr. POPE underſtood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to tranſlate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Engliſh, of which he underſtands as little [p]. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, ſhould it be diſcover'd, that he has not tranſlated ten verſes to-

tion of Verſes, Letters, Advertiſements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.

[g] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

[h] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

[i] Dedication to the Collection of Verſes, Letters, &c. p. 9.

[k] Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728.

[l] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.

[m] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

[n] Ibid. p. 14.

[o] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

[p] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

Author[s]. This ſhews how fit Mr. D. may be to tranſlate *Homer!* A miſtake in a ſingle letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but ἔχως for ἴχως muſt be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Preſs[t]. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies.—He writes for the Ladies, and not for uſe[v].

The Tranſlator puts in a little Burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a Ragout to his cheated Subſcribers[w].

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subſcribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhould go to amuſe the learned world with ſuch an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that thoſe who can read for themſelves, will be impoſed upon, merely by a partially and unſeaſonably celebrated Name[x]. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* ſhall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, tho' it ſhould extend to picking of Pockets[y].

Names beſtow'd on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE] A crafty Ape dreſt up in a gaudy gown—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but Apiſh and Papiſh brats will heed him[z].

An ASS.] A Camel will take upon him no more burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but there is another beaſt that crouches under all[a].

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would ſwell to the bulk of an Ox[b].

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage[c].

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jeſus Chriſt: And, if I miſtake not, I've read ſomewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majeſty[d].

A FOOL.] Had he not been ſuch a ſelf-conceited Fool[e].—Some great Poets are poſitive Blockheads[f].

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden[g].

[s] Pag. 206. [t] Pag. 19.
[v] Pag. 144, 190. [w] Pag. 67.
[x] Pag. 192. [y] Pag 125.
[z] Whip and Key, Pref.
[a] Milb. p. 105.
[b] Pag. 11. [c] Pag. 176.
[d] P. 57. [e] Whip and Key, Pr.
[f] Milbourn, p. 34. [g] Ibid. p. 35.

gether in any book of Homer with juſtice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not underſtanding Greek [q]. He has ſtuck ſo little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek call'd in queſtion [r]. I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has ſo delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies [s].

But he has a notable talent at Burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued Homer without deſigning it [t].

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subſcribers.

'Tis indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: But 'tis too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the madneſs of the Project. The Subſcribers expectations have been rais'd in proportion to what their Pockets have been drain'd of [v]. Pope has been concern'd in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookſellers [w].

Names beſtow'd on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Chriſtian name, and the initial and final letters of his ſurname, *viz.* A P E, and they give you the ſame Idea of an Ape as his Face [x], *&c.*

An ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's ſkin from this little Aſs [y].

A FROG.] A ſquab ſhort Gentleman — a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, ſwells, and is angry that it is not allow'd to be as big as an Ox [z].

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward [a].

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common honeſty [b].

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be chriſten'd by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be call'd Homer [c].

A THING.] A little abject Thing [d].

[q] Daily Jour. April 23, 1728.
[r] Suppl. to the Profund, Pref.
[s] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66.
[t] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.
[v] Homerides, p. 1, &c.
[w] Britiſh Journ. Nov. 25, 1727.
[x] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.
[y] Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref.
[z] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9.
[a] Char. of Mr. P. pag. 3.
[b] Ibid.
[c] Dennis Rem. on Homer, p. 37.
[d] Ibid. p. 8.

INDEX

OF

Perſons celebrated in this *Poem*.

The firſt Number ſhews the BOOK, the ſecond the VERSE.

A

AMBROSE Philips, i. 105. iii. 326.
Attila, iii. 92.
Alaric, iii. 91.
Alma Mater, iii. 338.
Annius, an Antiquary, iv. 347.
Arnall, William, ii. 315.

B

BLACKMORE, Sir Richard, i. 104. ii. 264.
Bellaled Morris, ii. 126. iii. 168.
Banks, i. 146.
Broome, ibid.
Bond, ii. 126.
Brown, iii. 28.
Bladen, iv. 560.
Budgel, Eſq. ii. 397.
Bentley, Richard, iv. 201.
Bentley, Thomas, ii. 205.
Boyer, Abel, ii. 413.
Blount, a Gazetteer, i. 231.
Breval, J. Durant, ii. 126. 238.
Bentlowes, iii. 21.
Bavius, ibid.
Burmannus, iv. 237.
Benſon, William, Eſq. iii. 325. iv. 110.
Burgerſdick, iv. 198.
Boeotians, iii. 50.
Bruin and Bears, i. 101.
Bear and Fiddle, i. 224.

C

CIBBER, Colley, Hero of the Poem, paſſim.
Cibber jun. iii. 139. 326.
Caxton, William, i. 149.
Curll, Edm. i. 40. ii. 3. 58. 167, &c.
Cooke, Thomas, ii. 138.
Concanen, Matthew, ii. 299.
Centlivre, Suſannah, ii. 411.
Cæſar in Ægypt, i. 251.
Chi Ho-am-ti, emperor of China, iii. 75.
Crouzaz, iv. 198.
Codrus, ii. 144.

D

DE FOE, Daniel, i. 103. ii. 147.
De Foe, Norton, ii. 415.
De Lyra, or Harpsfield, i. 153.
Dennis, John, i. 106. ii. 239. iii. 173.
Dunton, John, ii. 144.
Durfey, iii. 146.
Dutchmen, ii. 405. iii. 51.

Doctors, at White's, i. 203.
Douglas, iv. 394.

E

EUSDEN, Laurence, Poet Laureate, i. 104.
Eliza Haywood, ii. 157, &c.

F

FLECKNO, Richard, ii. 2.
Fauſtus, Dr. iii. 233.
Fleetwood, iv. 326.
Free Maſons, iv. 576.
French Cooks, iv. 553.

G

GILDON, Charles, i. 296.
Goode, Barn. iii. 153.
Goths, iii. 90.
Gazetteers, i. 215. ii. 314.
Gregorians and Gormogons, iv. 575.

H

HOLLAND, Philemon, i. 154.
Hearne, Thomas, iii. 185.
Horneck, Philip, iii. 152.
Haywood, Eliza, ii. 157, &c.
Howard, Edward, i. 297.
Henly, John, the Orator, ii. 2. 425. iii. 199, &c.
Huns, iii. 90.
Heywood, John, i. 98.
Harpsfield, i. 153.
Hays, iv. 560.

J

JOHN, King, i. 252.
James I, iv. 176.
Jacob, Giles, iii. 149.
Janſſen, a gameſter, iv. 326.

K

KNIGHT, Robert, iv. 561.
Kuſter, iv. 237.

L

LINTOT, Bernard, i. 40. ii. 53.
Laws, William, ii. 413.
Log, King, i. lin. ult.

M

MORE, James, ii. 50, &c.
Morris, Beſaleel, ii. 126. iii. 168.
Miſt, Nathanael, i. 208.
Milbourn, Luke, ii. 349.
Mahomet, iii. 97.
Mears, William, ii. 125. iii. 28.
Motteux, Peter, ii. 412.
Monks, iii. 52.
Mandevil, ii. 414.
Morgan, ibid.
Montalto, iv. 105.
Mummius, an antiquary, iv. 371.

N

Newcaſtle, Ducheſs of, i. 141.
Nonjuror, i. 253.

O

OGILBY, John, i. 141. 328.
Oldmixon, John, ii. 283.
Ozell, John, i. 285.
Oſtrogoths, iii. 93.
Omar, the Caliph, iii. 81.
Owls, i. 271. 290. iii. 54.
—— Athenian, iv. 362.
Oſborne, bookſeller, ii. 167.
Oſborne, mother, ii. 312.

P

PRYNN, William, i. 103.
Phillips, Ambroſe, i. 105. iii. 326.
Paridel, iv. 341.

INDEX.

Q

Quarles, Francis, i. 140.
Querno, Camillo, ii. 15.

R

Ralph, James, i. 216. ii. 165.
Roome, Edward, iii. 152.
Ripley, Tho. iii. 327.
Ridpath, George, i. 208. ii. 149.
Roper, Abel, ii. 149.
Rich, iii. 261.

S

Settle, Elkanah, i. 90. 146. iii. 37.
Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.
Shadwell, Thomas, i. 240. iii. 22.
Scholiasts, iv. 231.
Silenus, iv. 492.
Sooterkins, i. 126.

T

Tate, i. 105. 238.
Theobald, or Tibbald, i. 133. 286.
Tutchin, John, ii. 148.
Toland, John, ii. 399. iii. 212.
Tindal, Dr. ii. 399. iii. 212. iv. 492.
Taylor, John, the Water-Poet, iii. 19.

V

Vandals, iii. 86.
Visigoths, iii. 94.

W

Walpole [late Sir Robert] praised by our author, ii. 314.
Withers, George, i. 296.
Wynkin de Werde, i. 149.
Ward, Edw. i. 233. iii. 34.
Webster, ii. 258.
Whitfield, ibid.
Warner, Thomas, ii. 125.
Wilkins, ibid.
Welsted, Leonard, ii. 207. iii. 170.
Woolston, Thomas, iii. 212.
Wormius, iii. 188.
Wasse, iv. 237.
Walker, Hat-bearer to Bentley, iv. 206. 273.

INDEX
OF
MATTERS
Contained in this
POEM and NOTES.

[The first Number denotes the BOOK, the second the VERSE and NOTE on it. *Test.* Testimonies. *Ap.* Appendix.]

A

ADDISON (Mr.) railed at by A. Philips, iii. 326.
——Abused by J. Oldmixon, in his Prose-Essay on Criticism, etc. ii. 283.
— by J. Ralph, in a London Journal, iii. 165.
——Celebrated by our author, — Upon his Discourse of Medals—In his Prologue to Cato—In his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus — and in this Poem, ii. 140.
False Facts concerning him and our Author related by anonymous Persons in Mist's Journal, &c. *Test.*
——Disproved by the Testimonies of
— The earl of Burlington,
— Mr. Tickel,
— Mr. Addison himself, *ib.*
Anger, one of the characteristics of Mr. Dennis's Critical writings, i. 106.
——— Affirmation, another : *Test.*
[To which are added by Mr. Theobald, Ill-nature, Spite, Revenge, i. 106.]
Altar of Cibber's Works, how built, and how founded, i. 157, *&c.*
Æschylus, iii. 313.
Asses, at a Citizen's gate in a morning, ii. 247.
Appearances, that we are never to judge by them, especially of Poets and Divines, ii. 426.
Alehouse, the Birth-place of Mr. Cook, ii. 138.
—— one kept by Edw. Ward, i. 233.
—— and by Taylor the Water-poet, iii. 19.
ARNALL, William, what he received out of the Treasury for writing Pamphlets, ii. 315.
ARISTOTLE, his friends and Confessors, whom, iv. 192.
—— how his Ethics came into disuse, *ibid.*

B

BEDLAM, i. 29.
BANKS, his Resemblance to

Mr. Cibber in Tragedy, i. 146.
BATES (Julius see HUTCHINSON (John.
BROOM, Ben. Johnſon's man, *ibid.*
BAVIUS, iii. 24. Mr. Dennis his great opinion of him, *it.*
Bawdry, in Plays, not diſapproved of by Mr. Dennis, iii. 179.
BLACKMORE, (Sir Rich.) his Impiety and Irreligion, proved by Mr. Dennis, ii. 268.
——His Quantity of Works, and various Opinions of them —His abuſe of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, *ibid.*
Bray, a word much beloved by Sir Richard, ii. 260.
Braying, deſcribed, ii. 247.
Birch, by no means proper to be apply'd to young Noblemen, iii 334.
BL—D, what became of his works, i. 231.
BROOME, (Rev. Mr. Will.) His ſentiments of our author's virtue, *Teſt.*
——Our author of his, iii. 332.
Brooms (a ſeller of) taught Mr. John Jackſon his trade, ii. 137
Billingſgate language how to be uſed by learned Authors, ii. 142.
BOND, BEZALEEL, BREVAL, not living Writers, but Phantoms, ii. 126.
Bookſellers, how they run for a Poet, ii. 31, &c.
Bailiffs, how poets run from them, ii. 61.
Bridewell, ii. 269.
Bow bell, ii. 278.
Balm of Dulneſs, the true and the ſpurious, its efficacy, and by whom prepared, iv. 544.

C

CIBBER, Hero of the Poem, his Character, i. 107. not abſolutely ſtupid, 109. not unfortunate as a Coxcomb, *ibid.* Not a ſlow writer, but precipitate, tho' heavy, 123. His productions the Effects of Heat, tho' an imperfect one, 126. His folly heightned with Frenzy, 125. He borrow'd from Fletcher and Moliere, 131. Mangled Shakeſpear, 133. His Head diſtinguiſh'd for wearing an extraordinary Periwig, 167. more than for its reaſoning Faculty, yet not without Furniture, 177. His Elaſticity and Fire, and how he came by them, 186. He was once thought to have wrote a reaſonable Play, 188. The general character of his Verſe and Proſe, 190. His Converſation, in what manner extenſive and uſeful 192, &c. Once deſign'd for the Church, where he ſhould have been a Biſhop, 200. Since inclined to write for the Miniſter of State, 213. but determines to ſtick to his other talents, what thoſe are, 217, &c. His Apoſtrophe to his Works before he burns

them, 225, etc. His Repentance and tears, 243. Dulneſs puts out the Fire, 257. Inaugurates and anoints him, 287. His Crown, by whom woven, 223. of what compoſed, i. 303. who let him into Court, 300. who his Supporters, 307. His Entry, Attendants, and Proclamation, *uſque ad fin.* His Enthronization, ii. 1. Paſſes his whole Reign in ſeeing Shows, *thro' Book* ii. And dreaming dreams, *thro' Book* iii. Settle appears to him, iii. 35. Reſemblance between him and Settle, iii. 37. and i. 146. Goodman's Prophecy of him, iii. 232. How he tranſlated an Opera, without knowing the Story, 305. and incouraged Farces becauſe it was againſt his Conſcience, 266. Declares he never mounted a Dragon, 268. Apprehenſions of acting in a Serpent, 287. What were the Paſſions of his Old Age, 303, 304. Finally ſubſides in the lap of Dulneſs, where he reſts to all Eternity, iv. 20. and Note.

CIBBER, his Father, i. 31. His two Brothers, 32. His Son, iii. 142. His better Progeny, i. 228.

Cibberian Forehead, what is meant by it, i. 218.

—— read by ſome Cerberian, *ibid.* Note.

COOKE (Tho.) abuſed by Mr. Pope, ii. 138.

CONCANEN, (Mat.) one of the Authors of the Weekly Journals, ii. 299.

—— declar'd that when this Poem had Blanks, they meant Treaſon, iii. 297.

—— of opinion that Juvenal never ſatiriz'd the Poverty of Codrus, ii. 144.

Corncutter's Journal, what it coſt, ii. 314.

Critics, verbal ones, muſt have two Poſtulata allowed them, ii. 1.

Cat-calls, ii. 231.

CURL, Edm. his Panegyric, ii. 58.

——His Corinna, and what ſhe did, 70.

——His Prayer, 80 — Like Eridanus, 182.

——Much favour'd by Cloacina, 97, &c.

——Toſt in a Blanket and whipped, 151.

——Pillory'd, ii. 3.

Caroline, a curious Flower, its fate, iv. 409, &c.

D

DULNESS, the Goddeſs; her Original and Parents, i. 12. Her ancient Empire, 17. Her Public College, i. 29. Academy for Poetical Education, 33. Her Cardinal Virtues, 45, &c. Her Ideas, Productions, and Creation, 55, &c. Her Survey and Contemplation of her Works 79, &c. And of her Children, 93. Their uninterrupted Succeſſion, 98, &c.

Dennis to be ſomewhat elſe in Niſus and Euryalus, &c. iii. 179.
French Cooks, iv. 553.
Furius, Mr. Dennis called ſo by Mr. Theobald, i. 106.
Fleet-ditch, ii. 271. Its Nymphs, 333. Diſcoveries there, *ib.*
Flies, not the ultimate Object of human ſtudy, iv. 454.
Falſhoods and Flatteries permitted to be inſcribed on Churches, i. 43.

G

Good Nature of our Author; Inſtances of it in this work, i. 328. ii. 282.
Good Senſe, Grammar, and Verſe, deſired to give place for the ſake of Mr. Bez. Morris and his Works, iii. 168.
Gildon (Charles) abuſed our Author in many things. *Teſt.* i. 296.
—— Printed againſt Jeſus Chriſt, i. 296.
Gildon and Dennis, their unhappy Difference lamented, iii. 173.
Gentleman, his Hymn to his Creator, by Welſted, ii. 207.
Gazetteers, the monſtrous Price of their Writings, ii. 314. the miſerable fate of their Works, *ibid.*

H

Handel, an excellent muſician, baniſhed to Ireland by the Engliſh Nobility, iv. 65.
Heydeggre, a ſtrange bird from Switzerland, i. 290.
Horace, cenſured by Mr. Welſted, *Teſt.*
—— Did not know what he was about when he wrote his Art of Poetry, *ibid.*
Henley (John the Orator) his Tub and Eucharift, ii. 2. His Hiſtory, iii. 199. His Opinion of Ordination and Chriſtian Prieſthood, *ibid.* His Medals, *ibid.*
Haywood (Mrs.) What ſort of Game for her, ii. 157. Won by Curl, 187. Her great Reſpect for him. The Offspring of her Brain and Body (according to Curl) *ibid.* Not undervalued by being ſet againſt a Jordan, 165.
Hints, extraordinary ones, ii. 268.
Horneck and Roome, two Party-Writers, iii. 152.
Hutchinson (John) with his man Julius, a ſubminiſter of the rites of Dulneſs, iii. 215.
—— never bowed the knee to Senſe.
—— cuts down the Groves of the Academy, iii. 334.
—— defiles the high places of *Geometry*,
—— and tramples on the fallen *Dagon* of *Newtonian* Philoſophy, iii. 216.

I

Index-Learning, the uſe of it, i. 279.
Journals, how dear they coſt

the nation, ii. 314.
Jus Divinum, iv. 188.
Impudence, celebrated in Mr. Curl, ii. 159. 186.
—— in Mr. Norton De Foe, ii. 415.
—— in Mr. Henley, iii. 199.
—— in Mr. Cibber jun. iii. 139.
—— in Mr. Cibber ſen. *paſſim.*

L

Lord Mayors-Show, i. 85.
Libeller [ſee EDWARDS Tho.] a Grubſtreet Critic run to ſeed, iv. 567.
Library of Bays, i. 131.
Liberty and Monarchy, miſtaken for one another, iv. 181.
Lud (King) ii. 349.
Log (King) i. *ver. ult.*
Lintot (Bernard) ii. 53.
Laureate, his Crown, of what compoſed, i. 303.
Lycophron, his dark-lanthorn, by whom turned, iv. 6.

M

Madmen, two related to Cibber, i. 32.
Magazines, their character, i. 42.
Moliere, crucify'd, i. 132.
MOORE (James) his Story of ſix Verſes, and of ridiculing Biſhop Burnet in the *Memoirs of a Pariſh-Clerk*, proved falſe, by the Teſtimonies of
— The Lord Bolingbroke, *Teſt.*
— Hugh Bethel, Eſq. *ibid.*
— Earl of Peterborough, *ib.*
— Dr. Arbuthnot, *ibid.*
—— His Plagiariſms, ſome few of them, *ibid.* and ii. 50. What he was real Author of (beſide the Story abovementioned.) *Vide Liſt of ſcurrilous Papers.*
—— Eraſmus, his advice to him, ii. 50.
MILBOURNE, a fair Critic, and why, ii. 349.
Madneſs, of what ſort Mr. Dennis's was, according to Plato, i. 106.
—— According to himſelf, ii. 268.
—— how allied to Dulneſs, iii. 15.
Mercuries and Magazines, i. 42.
May-pole in the Strand, turned into a Church, ii. 28.
MORRIS (Beſaleel) ii. 126. iii. 168.
Monuments of Poets, with Inſcriptions to other Men, iv. 131, &c.
Medals, how ſwallowed and recovered, iv. 375.
Microſcope of Wit, to be had of Mr. John Upton, iv. 233.

N

Nodding, deſcribed, ii. 391.
Needham's, i. 324.
N̄gs, where wanted, iv. 244.

O

OLDMIXON (John) abuſed Mr. Addiſon and Mr. Pope, ii. 283. Falſify'd Daniel's Hiſtory, then accuſed others of falſifying Lord Claren-

don's; proved a Slanderer in it, *ibid.*
—— abuſed Mr. Euſden and my Lord Chamberlain, i. 104.
Odyſſey, Falſhoods concerning Mr. P.'s Propoſals for that Work, *Teſt.*
—— Diſproved by thoſe very Propoſals, *ibid.*
Owls and Opium, i. 271.
Oranges, and their uſe, i. 236.
Opera, her Advancement, iii. 301. iv. 45, &c.
Opiates, two very conſiderable ones, ii. 370. Their Efficacy, 390, &c.
OSBORNE, Bookſeller, crown'd with a Jordan, ii. 190.
OSBORNE (Mother) turned to ſtone, ii. 312.
Owls, deſired to anſwer Mr. Ralph, iii. 166.

P

Pope (Mr.) his Life] Educated by Jeſuits — by a Parſon — by a Monk — at St. Omer's — at Oxford — at home — no where at all, *Teſt. init.* His father a Merchant, a Huſbandman, a Farmer, a Hatter, the Devil, *ibid.*
—— His Death threatened by Dr. Smedley, *ibid.* but afterwards adviſed to hang himſelf, or cut his Throat, *ibid.* To be hunted down like a wild Beaſt, by Mr. Theobald, *ibid.* unleſs hang'd for Treaſon, on information of Paſquin, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Curl, and Concanen, *ib.*
Poverty, never to be mentioned in Satire, in the opinion of the Journaliſts and Hackney Writers — The Poverty of Codrus, not touched upon by Juvenal, ii. 143. When, and how far Poverty may be ſatirized, Letter, p. vi. Whenever mentioned by our Author, it is only as an Extenuation and Excuſe for bad Writers, ii. 282.
Perſonal abuſes not to be endured, in the opinion of Mr. Dennis, Theobald, Curl, etc. ii. 142.
Perſonal abuſes on our Author, by Mr. Dennis, Gildon, &c. *ibid.* — By Mr. Theobald, *Teſt.* — By Mr. Ralph, iii. 165. — By Mr. Welſted, ii. 207. — By Mr. Cooke, ii. 138. — By Mr. Concanen, ii. 299. — By Sir Richard Blackmore, ii. 268. — By Edw. Ward, iii. 34. — and their Brethren, *paſſim.*
Perſonal abuſes of others. Mr. Theobald of Mr. Dennis for his Poverty, i. 106. Mr. Dennis of Mr. Theobald for his livelihood by the Stage, and the Law, i. 286. Mr. Dennis of Sir Richard Blackmore for Impiety, ii. 268. D. Smedley of Mr. Concanen, ii. 299. Mr. Oldmixon's of Mr. Euſden, i. 104. Of Mr. Addiſon, ii. 283. Mr. Cook's of Mr. Euſden, i. 104.
Politics, very uſeful in Criti-

ciſm, Mr. Dennis's, i. 106. ii. 413.
Pillory, a poſt of reſpect, in the opinion of Mr. Curl, iii. 34.
—— and of Mr. Ward, *ibid.*
Plagiary deſcribed, ii. 47, &c.
Priori, Argument *a priori* not the beſt to prove a God, iv. 471.
Poverty and Poetry, their Cave, i. 33.
Profaneneſs, not to be endured in our Author, but very allowable in Shakeſpear, i. 50.
Party-Writers, their three Qualifications, ii. 276.
Proteus, (the fable of) what to be underſtood by it, i. 31.
Palmers, Pilgrims, iii. 113.
Pindars and Miltons, of the modern ſort, iii. 164.

Q

QUERNO, his Reſemblance to Mr. Cibber, ii. 15. Wept for joy, *ibid.* So did Mr. C. i. 243.

R

Reſemblance of the *Hero* to ſeveral great Authors,
To Querno, *ut ſupra.* To Settle, iii. 37.
To Banks and Broome, i. 146.
Round-houſe, ii. *prope fin.*
RALPH (James) iii. 165. See Sawney.
ROOME and HORNECK, iii. 152.

S

Shakeſpeare, to be ſpell'd always with an *e* at the end, i. 1. but not with an *e* in the middle, *ibid.* An Edition of him in Marble, *ibid.* mangled, altered, and cut by the Players and Critics, i. 133. very ſore ſtill of Tibbald, *ibid.*
Sepulchral Lyes on Church-Walls, i. 43.
SETTLE (Elkanah) Mr. Dennis's Account of him, iii. 37. And Mr. Welſted's, *ibid.* Once preferred to Dryden. iii. 37. A Party-writer of Pamphlets, *ibid.* and iii. 283. A writer of Farces and Drolls, and employ'd at laſt in Bartholomew-Fair, iii. 283.
Sawney, a Poem: The Author's great Ignorance in Claſſical Learning, i. 1.
—— In Languages, iii. 165.
—— His Praiſes on himſelf above Mr. Addiſon, *ibid.*
Swiſs of Heaven, who they are, ii. 358.
A ſlipſhod Sibyl, iii. 15.
Silenus deſcribed, iv. 492.
Scholiaſts, iii. 191. iv. 211. 232.
Supperleſs a miſtake concerning this word ſet right with reſpect to Poets and other temperate Students, i. 115.
Sevenfold Face, who maſter of it, i. 244.
Soul (the vulgar Soul) its office, iv. 441.
Schools, their homage paid to Dulneſs, and in what, iv. 150, &c.

INDEX.

T

TIBBALD, not Hero of this Poem, i. *init.* Publiſhed an edition of Shakeſpear, i. 133. Author, ſecretly, and abettor of Scurrilities againſt Mr. P. *Vid. Teſtimonies*, and *Liſt of Books.*

Thule, a very Northern Poem, puts out a Fire, i. 258.

Taylors, a good word for them, againſt Poets and ill Paymaſters, ii. 118.

Thunder, how to make it by Mr. Dennis's Receipt, ii. 226.

Travelling deſcribed, and its advantages, iv. 293, &c.

V

Verbal Critics. Two Points always to be granted them, ii. 1.

Venice, the City of, for what famous, iv. 308.

Univerſity, how to paſs thro' it, iv. 255. 289.

UPTON (John) a Renegado Scholiaſt, writes notes on the FIRE-SIDE, iv. 237.

W

WARD (Edw.) a Poet and Alehouſe-keeper in Moorfields, i. 233. What became of his Works, *ibid.*

——His high opinion of his Nameſake, and his reſpect for the Pillory, iii 34.

WELSTED (Leonard) one of the Authors of the Weekly Journals, abuſed our Author, &c. many years ſince, ii. 207. Taken by Dennis for a Didapper, *ibid.* The Character of his Poetry, iii. 170.

Weekly Journals by whom written, ii. 280.

Whirligigs, iii. 57.

Wizard, his Cup, and the ſtrange Effects of it, iv. 517, &c.

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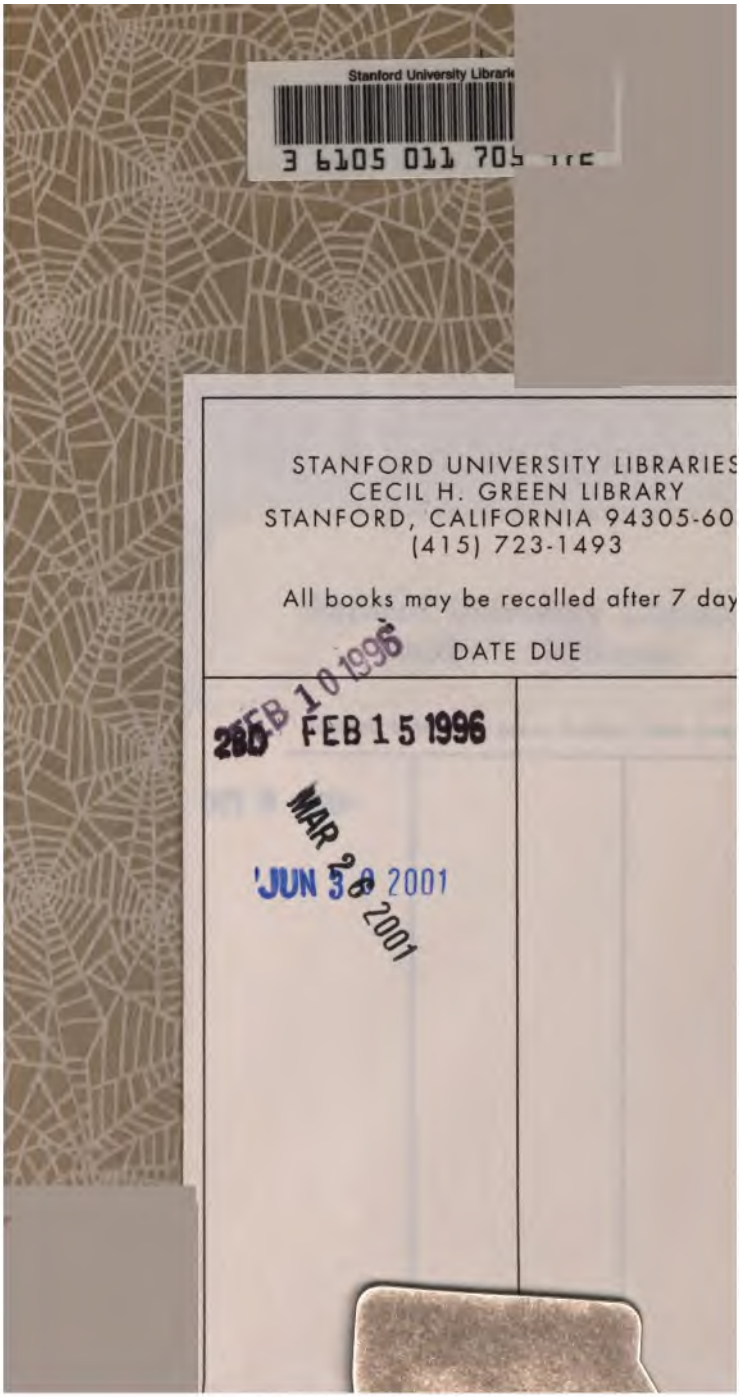
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